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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	309	LIFE AND LETTERS:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Artist as Politician.	
The Pope and Irish Peace	312	By H. W. M. ...	318
A Word to the Idealists ...	313	Democratic Diplomacy ...	319
Perplexed America ...	315	Old London Inns ...	321
THE DRUMS OF ULSTER. By		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
H. W. Nevinston ...	316	E. D. Simon, C. E. Maurice,	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		Dr. Paul Szende, A.	
Wayfarer ...	317	Marcus Tollet, and others	322
		POETRY:—	
		The Sea. By R. L. G. ...	323
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
		Our City Editor ...	324

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Events of the Week.

THE Treasury instruct the Government Departments to prepare drastic reductions of expenditure for next year. Next year's revenue, it is pointed out, cannot exceed £950 millions and that, after interest on debt is paid, will leave only £485 millions for ordinary supply services. A cut amounting on the average to 20 per cent. is required, unless taxation is to be raised, or borrowing (with increased charges in the future) resorted to. Now, more taxation is impossible, financially as well as politically. More borrowing, by devices however ingenious, means inflation, higher prices, and worse exchange. So the Government affect economy—next year. The Treasury also recognize that finance rests on policy. But are the spend-thrifts prepared this year, next year, or ever, to cut their policy according to their purse? In Wednesday's debate Sir Donald Maclean gave the figures upon the fighting services for the three "peace" years at £1,346 millions. Here lies the only effective source of economy. But are the Government prepared to push a disarmament policy—in conjunction with France?

THIS Treasury instruction—for next year—is palpable eyewash. The situation by next year will be much worse than their White Paper indicates. For it makes most inadequate allowance for the diminished yield of present taxes, especially customs, and ignores the impracticability of getting payment of an income tax based upon two years of prosperity and one of heavy losses. Even this year bank resources will be strained to furnish overdrafts for payment of taxes. Next year will be much worse. Moreover, Sir Robert Horne, when pressed, promised consideration for an income tax assessment on the single-year basis. This would certainly knock off £100 millions of the contemplated tax yield for next year, and force the Government to economies which they cannot and do not seriously contemplate. The fact is that next year the Government, having run through their resources of mendacity, evasion, and procrastination,

would be up against the blank wall of financial failure. We predict that they will elect to dissolve before the day of reckoning comes.

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THERE is no progress to record in the settlement of the Silesian problem, which means that Korfanty and his Polish irregulars are still in occupation, and the *fait accompli* hardens daily into rigidity. Perhaps for this reason the French have insisted on postponing the meeting of the Supreme Council which should settle the fate of the province, though M. Briand was able to plead that he could not attend until the debate in the Chamber had ended in a vote of confidence. His own speech on Tuesday was, in all the circumstances, quiet and conciliatory. He did not pursue the controversy with Mr. Lloyd George, save in some purely forensic passages supporting Poland's claims. On the other hand, he declared himself very decidedly for the maintenance of the Entente; and here, it seems, the bulk of the Chamber, as of the Press, are with him. That in substance was his answer to the demand for the instant occupation of the Ruhr. It would mean the automatic ending of the Alliance. On the other hand, he still insists that the Ruhr may be and will be occupied the instant the Germans fall into default, without any previous agreement of the Supreme Council. Have the other Allies really accepted this doctrine? Is France alone to judge whether some alleged default was voluntary or unavoidable? There can be no return of peace while this strain continues.

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GERMANY has, in fact, only just contrived to avoid an occupation of the Ruhr this week. M. Briand, alleging that German bands were crossing the frontier into Upper Silesia, hurled a twenty-four hours' ultimatum at Berlin, in which he even demanded that food and money as usual should be sent from Germany into the territory occupied by the Poles. The Germans returned a correct and yielding answer to this Note, which almost exceeds in partiality the limits of the credible. Even M. Briand declares himself satisfied that Dr. Wirth is doing all he can to prevent the Germans from sending aid to their fellow-countrymen. He cannot, of course, prevent the native Germans of Upper Silesia (from which the German administration retired long ago) from defending themselves, and as they naturally include plenty of trained officers and men, they have won some successes over the Poles. Meanwhile, the direct evidence of English correspondents on the spot is that the Polish frontier is still open, that arms continue to cross it, and that the insurgents are removing German property, *e.g.*, valuable railway engines, under the eyes of the French sentries. The Germans even state that the Poles are using French ammunition, and that they are armed with rifles which the Germans surrendered to the French, who must then have distributed them to the Poles.

It is good news that the German Government is discouraging, as far it can, any further movement by the armed German inhabitants. A civil war would be the worst of all methods of solution. But the self-restraint of Germany only emphasizes the duty of the Allies to deal with the Korfanty movement. Of that, however, there is no hint at all in M. Briand's speech. Four British battalions are going from the Rhine to Silesia, but apparently are to be used only to police a neutral zone between the German area and the part seized by the Poles. The Supreme Council will be confronted with an accomplished fact, which the French helped to create and will not reverse. M. Briand's speech shows him to be still stubbornly attached to the whole Polish thesis, and it contained even more serious inaccuracies than that of Mr. George. The pretence that the German vote consisted solely of rich mine-owners, whereas the Poles are all poor miners, is amusing enough in view of the fact that neither M. Briand nor Mr. George receives much support from miners at home, but it happens to be also untrue. The towns voted almost solidly German. Upper Silesia is a relatively rich province, but it does not contain 61 per cent. of coalowners.

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THE new American Ambassador made an important speech at the Pilgrims' dinner last Thursday week. If Mr. Harvey had a part in the original selection of Mr. Wilson as President, he also contributed to his defeat. The speech contained one sharply emphasized echo of that controversy. Mr. Harvey announced, in terms even clearer than any that Mr. Harding has used, that America will have nothing whatever to do with the League of Nations or with any of its Commissions. That disposes of any hope that America will share even in its social and humanitarian work, or recognize it as a means of promoting disarmament and arbitration. On the other hand, he said, with rather more fullness than a conventional ambassador's speech required, that America desired friendliness, goodwill and co-operation with this country, and would approach all world questions "from the same angle as of common and inseparable concern." That is strong and promising language. At the same time he announced that he will take his seat on the Supreme Council which is to decide the Silesian issue. This is an odd decision, for America will thus help to administer a treaty which she will not sign. She will have nothing to do with the League, because it is merely "the enforcing agency of the victors" (Mr. Harding's phrase). But what else is the Supreme Council? Thus America rejects the League as a form of international organization, but is driven by the impossibility of isolation to recognize the Allied Council, which stands only for victorious force. Helpful and welcome at the moment, her decision vetoes any advance to a more representative organization of the world.

* * *

THE covert discussions on the coal situation which had been taking place for nearly a fortnight came to an end on Wednesday afternoon, when the Prime Minister decided to invite the owners' and miners' committees to a new joint conference at noon on Friday. In making this announcement in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain said quite plainly that, despite all the secret and informal consultations, there were no signs of agreement between the parties. Nevertheless, he added, the Government intended to make another effort, this time in full and formal conference, to find a solu-

tion. Thus the Prime Minister has been compelled by the growing pressure of events to abandon the attitude he took up a fortnight ago—that it would be unwise to call the parties together again unless there was a real prospect that agreement could be reached, and the mischievous consequences of another breakdown avoided. Much is still obscure about the happenings which led to the Prime Minister's decision, but sufficient is known to show that Mr. Chamberlain was not exaggerating the facts when he spoke of the absence of signs of agreement.

* * *

It is now an open secret that in the initial stages of the informal talks the Prime Minister did see Mr. Hodges, not at Chequers, but, as the miners' secretary has rightly said, in London. Mr. George also saw representatives of the owners, so that he might learn from both sides whether any new possibility of accommodation had arisen. Next came the journey of the miners' officials to York, and the discussions with Sir Dennis Bayley, who was promptly repudiated as a representative of their views by the Mining Association. Nothing has leaked out about the nature of the talks with the Notts owner. It seems clear that he took the initiative in offering his services as an intermediary. His own views of colliery administration are enlightened, and he would be naturally disposed to suggest some better settlement than that for which the owners are officially standing out. Apparently this visit to the North, and the long consultation between the acting president and the secretary of the Miners' Federation, enabled them to formulate proposals which might be acceptable to the miners as an alternative to the pooling scheme for the removal of disparities in district rates.

* * *

THERE is reason to believe that the main lines of the proposals were uniformity of wage reductions throughout the kingdom, the maintenance of the improvement on the 1914 standard conceded by Mr. Justice Sankey, and the variation of wages on a cost-of-living sliding scale. During Tuesday and Wednesday the Prime Minister was in touch with the owners, who were firmly disinclined to enter a conference pledged to consider favorably a settlement on these lines. Hence the decision to have the differences of view thrashed out in open conference, in which the Government attitude could be clearly explained to both parties. Naturally no hint was given as to the extent to which the Government was prepared to apply pressure to the owners, but the increasing gravity of the trade situation and the growing belief that the owners were content to see the miners starved into submission, were bound to influence the Prime Minister. The owners have proved quite intractable. A week or two ago, there is reason to believe, Mr. George was strongly inclined to a solution on the lines of the Duckham scheme of district unification, but the owners withered that hopeful prospect with their disapproval. They also attacked Lord Londonderry's unification suggestions. Yet they themselves had no constructive proposal to offer. They merely demanded that the miners should definitely drop the pool before going into a new conference.

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THE policy of the executives of the N.U.R. and the Transport Workers' Federation regarding the embargo on foreign coal has not improved the reputation of the leadership of the unions concerned. As soon as it became clear that the executives did not intend to use their power to support men who might be suspended or dis-

missed for refusing to handle coal, the failure of the policy was inevitable. Yet, as late as last week-end, a new circular was distributed, urging the men to tighten the embargo. The result is that while small groups of men in various centres have been suspended, the forbidden coal is being freely moved from the ports by union railwaymen for use on locomotives and for other public service purposes. The reluctance to strike in support of the suspended men is indicated by the London tramwaymen's ballot, if report speaks truly of the suppressed figures. The whole affair suggests a lack of united, informed, and capable leadership.

* * *

THE promise of a free and unfettered election in the Six Counties of Ireland has not been honored. Candidates like Mr. Eoin MacNeill, who has been imprisoned for six months without charge or trial, were not released; internees were not permitted to vote, election agents were arrested or raided, and their registers and literature seized, and meetings were broken up. The disorder reached its height in the East Division of Belfast, where there is an overwhelming Unionist majority. Here anti-partition voters were attacked on their way to the polling booths and seriously injured. One polling booth was closed. The City Commissioner, according to a candidate, professed to be unable to protect voters, and the anti-partition candidate felt compelled to announce his withdrawal. Elsewhere motor-cars were attacked and their drivers beaten, and in County Down two Sinn Féin election agents had to fly from the polling stations.

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LAST week in Limerick the Judge Advocate stated at a trial that there was no doubt that the prisoners had been beaten by constables, and that the statements made by prisoners so treated could not be regarded as voluntary statements. Two days later a witness stated at another trial that he had given false evidence against a man because the Black-and-Tans told him he would be shot if he did not give such false evidence. The Court acquitted the prisoner. What a resounding scandal such an incident would have been in any other place! These are merely two incidents that have come to light. How many thousands have been kept dark under the system of armed terrorism which is called our government in Ireland?

* * *

IN broad daylight on Wednesday last Sinn Féiners entered Dublin Custom House, and fired it with petrol. They were besieged in the burning structure by the military, and the casualties were heavy. An Irish correspondent writes: "I have been watching our Custom House burn. All visitors to Dublin remember how well Gandon's singularly beautiful dome looked by the riverside. It is doubtful if it will survive, and with it goes our finest building, and one of the good things of Europe. The air is brilliantly clear, and against the pure sky the green dome and white supporting colonnade look serene and most beautiful until the great smoke-cloud throws a shadow, and they pass into chill eclipse. The roof is blazing in three places. The Custom House is, like many other things here, symbolical. When it was built in 1781, the growing trade of the port justified its magnificence. Now the trade is shrunk, and in the place of bills of lading and shipping statistics, the Custom House sheltered a number of offices for Local Government, Income Tax, Inland Revenue, Estate Duty, Registry of Joint Stock Companies, Stamp Duties, Stationery, Assay, and the Civil Service Commission."

IN commenting on the affairs of Egypt a few weeks ago, we were betrayed into a note of optimism. We must now recant. The course of events since the return of Zaghloul Pasha has sadly compromised the hope of a settlement. The central question is whether the Delegation which is to negotiate on behalf of Egypt with the British Government should be headed by Adly Pasha, the present Prime Minister, or by Zaghloul Pasha, the immensely popular Nationalist leader. There is, of course, nothing against the good name of Adly Pasha, who is personally respected, but his claim to the position, in Nationalist eyes, is crossed by the fact that under martial law, the censorship, and in the absence of any representative Assembly, the Protecting Power has made him Premier of Egypt. In other words, as Zaghloul Pasha puts it, if he goes to London, it will be a case of "the British Government negotiating with itself." A few of the moderate Nationalist notables are willing to support him, but Zaghloul Pasha will not recognize his title to speak for Egypt. There can be no doubt that the latter still has the mass of the nation behind him—the Press, the streets, and every sort of professional or scholastic association which may, in the absence of an elected body, speak for Egypt.

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THE decision is now apparently irreparably taken, and the Delegation will consist of Adly Pasha, three other actual Ministers, and two ex-Ministers. The Egyptians disavow in advance any negotiations conducted for them by agents they have not chosen, or rather who have been chosen for them by the other party. For some weeks mass demonstrations in support of Zaghloul, whose speeches are now very strongly worded, have been occurring in every town, and conflicts with the police and the troops have been frequent. The worst of them took place on Sunday and Monday in Alexandria. The trouble here, in the view of the "Times" correspondent, was "mainly due to the Greeks, who lost their heads and fired recklessly, actually shooting at the Egyptian police." These racial riots caused thirty-seven deaths, including those of twelve Europeans. This affair will, of course, be exploited for political ends, like the much more serious riots of 1882, which led to the occupation. It is impossible to believe that Zaghloul, an experienced and sober man, can bear responsibility for follies which can only harm his cause.

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ONE incapable seems to have followed another at the Post Office, Mr. Kellaway's first appearance as Postmaster-General being to announce the disappearance of the Sunday post, and the raising of the price of the postcard from a penny to three-halfpence. Thus one of the people's most valued comforts and needs, the Sunday letter, and the only cheap form of postal service left to them, disappear together. The discontinuance of the Sunday post is an outrage, for which we hope Mr. Kellaway's constituents will make him pay dear, and his excuse that it is not profitable stamps him with ignorance of the chief reason for having a public instead of a private postal service. It is the incompetent's last word. It is true London seems indifferent to a Sunday post, but the capital's unfortunate indifference to civic rights cannot be used as a reason for depriving the rest of the country of its mails between Saturday and Monday. This Government's idea of economy is to limit the rounds of the postmen, while providing an increasing number of soldiers with opportunities for marching and counter-marching.

Politics and Affairs.

THE POPE AND IRISH PEACE.

"In ancient Greece a slave who was ill-treated had the right to be sold to another master, but the subject nation has no world tribunal to appeal to, nothing but the Master of Life, that indefinable something we surmise in the government of the Cosmos. So here in Ireland people endure grimly, without hope of any other nation's intervention, waiting for world circumstance to enable them to escape from their conquerors, or for the mills of God to come at last in their grinding to the British Empire as they came to the Roman Empire, the Chaldean and other empires whose sins and magnificence have sunk far behind time.

"I am trying to interpret the mood of my countrymen rather than to express my own feelings. For myself I do not care whether I am governed from Moscow or Peking if my countrymen are happy. I am by profession an artist and man of letters, and I find the consolations of life in things with which Governments cannot interfere, in the light and beauty the Earth puts forth for her children. The words 'republic' or 'empire' are opaque words to me. I cannot see through them any beauty or majesty to which they inevitably lead. But I do believe in freedom. If the universe has any meaning at all, it exists for the purposes of soul, and men or nations denied essential freedom cannot fulfil their destiny, or illuminate earth with light or wisdom from that divinity without them, or mould external circumstance into the image of the Heaven they conceive in their hearts."—*"The Inner and the Outer Ireland."* By A. E. (Talbot Press, Dublin, 2d.)

It is said by a new school of psychologists that men and women forget what they want to forget and learn what they want to learn. Month after month a few public men have been trying to make the British people realize the terrible truth about Ireland. Those who knew something of the truth imagined that they had only to communicate their knowledge to make the nation repudiate the policy and conduct which led to such disgrace and such disaster. Gradually they found out that the ignorance they were trying to dissipate was a semi-wilful ignorance, and that men and women closed their eyes and their ears, because they preferred to be accessories to injustice rather than to face a painful truth. They were incapable of the moral resolution that was needed to arrest this fatal and dishonoring policy or they despaired of changing it, and they chose rather to leave their reputation and their fate to the most inexorable of masters, the event.

A shock has come this week to this cowardly apathy in revelations from a quarter that cannot be disregarded. General Crozier was the man chosen by Ministers to command their special force of Auxiliary Police. They could hardly have been guilty of the unspeakable cynicism of appointing a man they considered untrustworthy for such a task, and therefore their accuser is a man who had earned their confidence. This officer brings against the administration charges that put into the shade those on which war criminals are being tried at this moment in Leipzig. He charges officers in high position with complicity in murder; with conspiracy to prevent just trials; with having screened men guilty of heinous offences; and he declares that the reports and complaints of responsible officers have been suppressed by Dublin Castle. The terrible rumors that began in whispers in Ireland but have lately been passing round the benches of the House of Commons, receive confirmation from this high authority. To substantiate such accusations will be no easy matter. But no Government in the world can refuse an inquiry into such

charges unless it is prepared to take its place publicly and confessedly by the side of the system that Abdul Hamid controlled from Constantinople twenty years ago.

We have said that the horrors of our terrorist system in Ireland have made comparatively little impression on public opinion in this country. Roughly speaking, the nation had to choose between two courses, each involving a sacrifice. We had either to make some sacrifice of the kind of prestige that is vulgarly associated with power, or it might be some sacrifice of our interests as we regarded them, or to make some sacrifice of the honorable traditions of our history. Few people faced the truth about the second sacrifice. They said to themselves, "We cannot make the first sacrifice, and we hope the second sacrifice will not be very serious in extent or character; that we shall not have to depart very far from our professedly Liberal principles." What has happened has been that having yielded to this temptation, Ministers have gone on from one sacrifice to another until they have thrown overboard not merely Liberal policy, but Christian principles. Our rule in Ireland depends at this moment on the repudiation of every Christian doctrine, for it asserts and maintains that the life of an Irishman is of less moment than the life of an Englishman; that justice is in the old phrase the right of the stronger; and that there is no cruelty or wrong that we may not justly inflict if we think that thereby we strengthen our hold on Ireland. Once you adopt this train of reasoning, there is no longer any question whether or not your rule will be marked by crime and injustice: the only question that arises is the question of the degree and kind of the injustice that you inflict.

The nature and extent of this abandonment of all civilized practice, if they have not moved politicians, have made a serious impression on the chief leaders of religious thought. The Church of England has been, as a rule, in the past a conservative institution in the narrowest sense of the word. Many of its leaders have shown themselves in this crisis a conservative institution in the best sense of the word. They have refused to accept the doctrine that frightfulness is a reputable method of government when it is in the right hands, and that the Christian spirit has no place in the life of a nation. This week there has been a still more powerful religious intervention in the Irish case. The Pope's letter, carrying a subscription to the White Cross of 200,000 lire, proceeds from a statement of the devastation of Ireland and its cause to a definite peace proposal. Statement, analysis of cause, and peace proposal are alike significant. Equally to be noted is the occasion of its publication. Never before was the Vatican so abundantly furnished with the facts of the Irish situation from the most divergent sources. One is aware of the attempts, prolonged over three Papacies by official, semi-official, and private personages and missions to induce the Vatican to look with new hostility on the Irish movement. We have, in this letter, its net result. The Holy See does not depart from the neutral attitude. But this is not the cold neutrality of a spectator. The Pope does not stigmatize this conflict of two nations as the work of a murder-gang or the outburst of a faction against authority. He sees an equality of strife between Irish and English, and, deploring and tracing its evils, attributes "the indignity of devastation and slaughter to which Ireland is subjected" in great part to the recent war, "for neither has sufficient consideration been given to the desires of nations, nor have the fruits of peace which people promised to themselves been reaped." Broken promises

and the frustration of legitimate desires are the sources of this bitter struggle, wherein "property and homes are being ruthlessly and disgracefully laid waste, and villages and farmsteads being set aflame." In these words something like a world-judgment has been delivered.

It is followed by a peace proposal. The Pope recommends a recent suggestion "of distinguished men and skilled politicians" to refer the question at issue to "some body of men selected by the whole Irish nation" whose findings would be reviewed by "influential men of both parties." The suggestion is in harmony with the recent proposal of a Constituent Assembly to follow the results of the present elections. It is certain that Sinn Féin must give its most serious consideration to this proposal. It is therefore possible, if there is any real desire on the part of Mr. Lloyd George's Government to secure peace, that a favorable hour has struck. What is the machinery available? There are 128 members from Southern Ireland and 52 from the North to constitute the "body of men selected by the whole Irish nation." It may be said at once that this is not the exact body the country would select in ordinary circumstances to form a Constituent Assembly. It is too exclusively a body elected by a country in a state of war to carry through that war towards fixed ends. Minorities, not in their totality negligible, subordinated their views by deliberate choice or by the pressure of the situation to a necessity created by the contending issues. A Constituent Assembly elected in more peaceful circumstances would contain more varied elements, and would be better equipped to adjust differences. Such an Assembly would be more acceptable to the majority opinion of the Six Counties than the present Dáil Eireann, notwithstanding the fact that in a recent interview (23rd May) Mr. de Valera stated that Sinn Féin is willing to give local autonomy to Ulster and to invest the Six Counties with "far more substantial powers" than those devolved by the Partition Act. North-East Ulster may be glad of the support of other minorities. To meet objections of this character and in the interests of peace we suggest:—

(1) That the members elected in the two areas, including those in gaol, should be invited by their leaders to meet.

(2) That they should determine preliminary guarantees to be given to England concerning strategic and military security which Ireland, according to Mr. de Valera, is willing "to consider in the broadest spirit."

(3) That they should receive from Westminster equivalent guarantees that the determination of a substantial majority of a Constituent Assembly would be operative.

(4) Whereupon they should resign their seats and hold new elections for an Assembly invested with full constituent powers.

Fortified by such guarantees, inspired by the hope and duty of constructive work, conducted in peaceful circumstances under P.R., there is no doubt that every substantial minority in Ireland would be represented in the Assembly, and that a practicable solution might be hoped for. Concessions impossible to Westminster are possible to an Irish Assembly. But to make them possible none of the limitations must be imposed which made the Irish Convention a transparent illusion. Many schemes will present themselves: an Irish Republic, a twenty-six-county Republic, an Ireland connected with England only by the link of the Crown with certain strategic guarantees, a less definite Dominion status, an amplified local autonomy. None should be barred from discussion.

The hope of a common solution lies in necessity and the will towards union. A long and bitter struggle is the alternative to an early peaceful settlement. Its issue is doubtful—conceivably a still unsolved problem; certainly the destruction of trade between the two countries, an Ireland impoverished and unchanged in spirit, and an England impoverished and degraded in the world's judgment.

A WORD TO THE IDEALISTS.

Our contemporary world is becoming an uneasy habitation for idealists, and for the second time in history the apparent failure of great efforts of revolutionary construction is driving many to the refuge of cynicism or dreams. One thinks of Hazlitt's phrase about the French Revolution—"the only match that ever took place between philosophy and experience." The failure, first of Mr. Wilson and then of Lenin, is bound to leave its mark upon us all. "Waking from the trance of theory, we hear the words Truth, Reason, Virtue, Liberty, with the same indifference or contempt that a cynic who has married a jilt or a termagant listens to the rhapsodies of lovers." Neither failure, it may be, is absolute. The French Revolution, for that matter, was never so dead as Hazlitt and his dejected contemporaries supposed. It left behind a peasant ownership in France and the Code Napoléon, and in due time it withered the lives of the Restoration. The League of Nations may play a modest part even in our time, and may be destined to a glorious resurrection. The Russian Revolution is at present in full retreat, but it may in stubborn rearguard actions save some of its positions. None the less, the broad fact for emotion is that the two big constructive efforts of our time have failed for the present in their main purpose. The League does not prevent war, and the Soviets have brought back private capital. The two failures may not be unconnected. A modern Spartacist, who holds that capitalism is the cause of war, may not generalize more correctly than the ancient, who would have blamed slavery. But capitalism seems to give to force and acquisitiveness their modern shape, as feudalism and slavery did in earlier ages. As one watches the conflicts of to-day over coal and oil, each with its syndicated interest in the background, one realizes that the failure to abolish war may be merely one aspect of the failure to solve the problem of the control and ownership of the means of life. The Peace which revealed economic Imperialism as the one victor, stated this problem of capital in international terms, even more clearly than the war.

Nowhere in Europe, outside of Russia, has the attempt been made in earnest to deal with this problem. For some months, in Germany and Central Europe, hopes ran high. The Press poured forth pamphlets which discussed innumerable schemes. Some of them seemed feasible. The capitalist class was deeply involved in the unpopularity of the fallen Empire; its hangers-on deserted it; its vote at the polls was at first insignificant. For some time the unofficial Workers' Councils, which sprang up in every town, seemed to be the most living organizations of the Republic. The socialization of the coal-mines, on a promising, unbureaucratic scheme, which divided control among consumers and the State, as well as the workers and the technical staffs, seemed on the eve of adoption, and its enforcement was definitely promised after the Kapp affair.

Ministers worked out schemes for the control of capital, which would have yielded something like the mixed transitional *régime* on which Lenin has fallen back.

Very little, beyond the formation of statutory Works' Councils, has come of all these plans. The Socialist parties, involved in their brotherly squabbles, lost the moment when their opponents were weak. The Left wasted its strength in futile revolutions; the Moderates were absorbed in enforcing order, and, meanwhile, the Allies by their severities helped to revive nationalism and capitalism together. The impulse to constructive change is now so feeble that it barely works at all, and Germany, facing a generation of hard work at the bidding of the victors, prefers to organize it by the methods which acted efficiently in the past. She seems to feel that the times are not quite bad enough for a desperate gamble, yet much too grave for risky experiments. The fate of Russia has warned her against unlimited revolution, and the evolutionary school is partly engaged in the warfare of cliques, and partly absorbed in coping with the crises which Paris stages with restless frequency.

Nor is the impotence of those who should have prepared the gradual solution the only reason for this failure. Capital gives from time to time a proof of its power which even its enemies must call relatively beneficent. Herr Stinnes is, we suppose, at once the ablest and the most unpopular representative of his class. But a single one of his many schemes serves to show that the world owes him something. For three years all manner of well-meaning people, including the highest officials of the Allies, have been drawing up schemes for the restoration of Austria. Nothing happened. The decay took its course. Suddenly it struck Herr Stinnes that it would suit him to buy the iron mines and blast furnaces of Styria. The ore is of unusually good quality, and the workmen are skilful. But there was no coal available. Not all the efforts of diplomacy had ever managed to supply enough to keep more than one of its four or six furnaces going, and that intermittently. Herr Stinnes owns a great part of the Ruhr. He bought the Styrian concerns, and presently the train-loads of coke began to arrive punctually and in due measure; one after another the abandoned furnaces were rekindled, and now one reads that the steel in its turn is reviving the derelict machine shops of Vienna and Wiener Neustadt, which used to supply the agriculture of the Balkans.

We do not know whether Herr Stinnes will make an unconscionable profit on this transaction, but his enterprise in its social effects seems to cover a multitude of economic sins. The formula is quite simple. All the triumphs of this captain of industry, and indeed of most German magnates, are built on a perception of the advantages of combining related undertakings, coal with iron, and both with transport. The Socialist may detest the reactionary politics of this personage, resent his heavy hand with his workers, and grudge him his personal wealth. But the Socialist sees also very clearly that Herr Stinnes succeeds by applying some of his own principles. He wipes out competition. He destroys the social and economic system of nineteenth-century individualism even more successfully than Lenin. He stands towards Socialism as Julius Cæsar stood towards Roman Democracy. It is monstrous that such power should lie in one man's will, and yet the autocracy is preferable to the chaotic, unrelated, competing oligarchy which had governed these great industrial provinces before him. Herr Stinnes shows Capitalism at its height, apparently thriving as it never before had thriven in the old world. And yet one feels that the transition from

this last phase to socialized industry would be comparatively easy.

With such a phenomenon in front of us, we are inclined to think that the idealists, who look only at the apparently hopeless posture of politics, may be despairing too early of the solution of their problem. The inexorable economic process of the concentration of industry does go on, very much as Marx predicted. What else is the issue in the present coal struggle? Here is an industry badly behind the age, both technically and in its organization, and faced with calamity because its organization is out of date. What it wants is precisely a Stinnes or a Rhondda. The miners are really battling to force it into some form of amalgamation. It has long ceased to be competitive to any degree that might benefit the consumer. He has now everything to gain from some really effective form of unification. The miners ask for it in a particular shape that would benefit them—the pool for wages. But this would soon ease, or even compel, a much closer syndication. The conservatism of the owners and the helpless opportunism of Mr. Lloyd George may frustrate at this moment a constructive settlement. The delay will not make the trend to unification less inevitable, and the only question is whether it will pass through a trust phase, qualified by some form of State control, or whether one day the mines will be nationalized at a stroke.

So far from allowing the apparent failure of big constructive efforts to depress our energies, we ought rather to seize the interval of political helplessness to think out the unsolved problems of control and management. There is much to be learned from the disappointing results of the Russian experiment. The sharpest lesson of all, we should say, is the folly of attempting a violent revolution from below, until the "intellectuals" of industry, or a fair proportion of them, feel at least a friendly interest in the problem of the democratic control of industry, as the workers see it. If the technical staffs of the coal-mines, or at least the younger of them, felt the same generous ambition for self-government which moves the abler of the younger miners, the nationalization of the mines would present few difficulties. The chief obstacle is not the clinging of a mere handful of owners to power and profit, it is the fact that everywhere the class cleavage ranges the better-educated employee against the manual worker. The Guild spirit, which presupposes solidarity for the sake of the common work between architect and mason, must to our thinking precede the formal Guild structure of industry. The problem, as we see it, is much more one of power than of wages. The addition which even a well-run nationalized concern could make to wages, after it had eliminated the owner's profit, is small—too small by far to be worth the struggles and the civil wars which it may cause.

The real evil is not the mere inequality of wealth between the few employers and the many employed. It is the tremendous, irresponsible power over the daily lives of men and the destinies of nations which this unequal wealth bestows—the power to govern or misgovern a great industry, the power to fix the thinking of a people by controlling its Press, the power at one or two removes to mobilize armies or fleets in some dispute to fix the ownership of a coalfield or an oilfield. That power, be it the unintelligent oligarchy of our industries or the able autocracy of a Stinnes, is as much an offence against the personality of the scientific and managerial staff, as it is a limitation of the humanity of the manual worker. Both are tools. Both miss the stimulus of working at a social task for the common good. Indeed it is probably

the more educated worker who is the more sadly hampered of the two in his full development.

In one way or another, fast or slowly, the economic battle for the conquest of power is going on, and though the set-back in Russia may depress the revolutionary youth elsewhere, it cannot stop a broad and inevitable evolution. Even in this country we may reckon (in spite of the Government's ill-will) the encouraging success of the Building Guild. Italy, with its immense development of co-operative production, especially in agriculture, may soon be more interesting than Russia. We are less excusable than the men of Hazlitt's generation if we give way to the cynicism and despair that follow a conspicuous failure. Our dreams were less extravagant than theirs had been. Our idealogues had never talked "perfection," or imagined that we should soon learn to banish sleep and pain. The return to reality is less startling, and we know, as they did not, that broader causes work out these changes than the rise or loss of a leader or the vicissitudes of party strife.

PERPLEXED AMERICA.

SINCE President Harding took office, nearly three months ago, the American public has been trying hard to make out the lines upon which the foreign policy of the Administration is to proceed. The Press has displayed a picture of extreme bewilderment; and it would seem that this state of mind has now, with the discussion aroused by the new Ambassador's first speech, been extended to London. We do not recall any occasion of international compliment quite so curious as the Pilgrims' banquet to Mr. George Harvey last week. The Prime Minister, in a speech which took for granted the immediate end of American isolation, welcomed "the decision of the United States to be represented adequately in the Councils of Nations." The decision, as Mr. George was aware, covers only a strictly limited interest in the proceedings of the Supreme Council, the Council of Ambassadors, and the Reparations Commission. Those who imagined that it meant anything more had their answer from Mr. Harvey, whose elaborately composed oration contained one passage of "emphatic, cumulative words" which (according to Mr. Garvin) brought upon some of the auditors "a strange, sudden sense of moral disaster." Mr. Harvey was anxious, "without mincing or wincing," to make one point altogether plain. This was that the people, here and in his own country, who still believed it possible for America to be "beguiled into the League of Nations," must be undeceived. In no conceivable circumstances, Mr. Harvey announced, would the present Government of the United States "have anything whatsoever to do with the League or with any commission or committee appointed by it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively."

This downright statement was accompanied by a threefold declaration on matters of general policy: first, that the Harding Government is ready to pursue the path of full co-operation with England—on which subject Mr. Harvey spoke with fervor; secondly, that, as the President said in April, America is "deeply interested in proper economic adjustments and a just settlement of matters of world-wide importance under discussion"; thirdly, that henceforward America, in international affairs, is to be regarded as free from any nonsense of idealism or disinterestedness—although, as Mr. Harvey added, rather quaintly, Americans do not resent being called idealists. There was not a little

significance in the tone of all this—the Ambassador, manifestly, being concerned to deliver, on behalf of his Government, a finishing stroke to the entire Wilson policy, while not entirely abandoning the position of the large body of opinion, mainly belonging to the Atlantic States, represented in the Cabinet by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover.

It is clear from the comments cabled over during the week that the American papers are more favorably situated than our own for estimating the import of the speech. Thus, while the "Morning Post" commends the United States for staying out, and the "Observer," with characteristic ebullience, felicitates her upon coming in, Mr. Harvey's critics at home remark that the political passages of the speech were addressed to the American rather than to the European audience, and they serve to round off last year's electoral conflict. It is observed, moreover, that the American public had been prepared in advance by being told from Washington that anything the Ambassador might say in London would not affect the policy of the President and Congress after a state of technical peace has been established between America and Germany. This last we believe to be an accurate reading of the situation. It is perfectly well understood in Washington and New York that, while Mr. Harvey's attitude is essentially the same as that of Senator Lodge, and therefore of the dominant group in the Senate, Mr. Hughes has been holding on to the thought that was in President Harding's mind when, in addressing Congress on April 12th, he said that the wiser plan would be, if possible, for the United States to "engage under the existing Treaty." That notion, however, is almost as wild as anything else in the extraordinary confusion confronting the President and Mr. Hughes.

Consider a few of its main elements. The irreconcilable Senators, by whom the Treaty was killed in the last Congress, are, most of them, as much opposed to the Treaty as to the Covenant. How could they vote for the ratification of its *disjecta membra*? On the other hand, Senator Lodge and his immediate supporters are not now interested in the reservations which they used last year for the destruction of Mr. Wilson; but they would be glad to see all the punitive clauses of the Treaty enforced in the interests of France. President Harding, in his message to Congress, condemned the existing League for the excellent reason that it is merely "the enforcing agency of the victors." Yet it is precisely the enforcing agency to which Mr. Harding's Ambassador gives his enthusiastic approval, while Mr. Hughes, checked in his effort towards mediation by the unintelligent Gallicism of the American Press, turns the power of the State Department against the feeble forces that are making for economic settlement in Europe. Meanwhile, the Knox resolution, declaring the state of war at an end, is held up midway between the Senate, which adopted it in a few hours, and the House of Representatives, which is eager to pass it. The resolution is objected to, not only by the Wilsonian Democrats, but by influential groups associated in varied international enterprises, financial and other. These few are still clinging to the desperate hope that, somehow or other, formal peace may come to America by way of a treaty already dead beyond expression, and not through a declaratory resolution. The rest of America and of the world may surely unite in the conviction that there is at least one right intention in the mind of the President who, in the confidence of inexperience, once believed that "government is a simple thing after all." The one thing is to proclaim that America is at peace with all the world, and is resolved to remain so.

THE DRUMS OF ULSTER.

By H. W. NEVINSON.

As I walked on Saturday about the fertile region of small hills and valleys known as "County Up-and-Down," I heard again the ancient noise of thin canes rattling up a parchment drum. The sound is like no other music. It does not throb like the war drum, though it prompts to war. It does not boom like the great wooden drums of African forests, though its purpose in stirring the heart to religious frenzy is the same. It rattles. With hard, incessant, little taps it rattles among the fields and hills. The drummer's cut and bleeding wrists, the bloodstained surface of the drum, the accompanying crowd marching backwards in front of it, all proclaim a fervid ecstasy, as when Orientals march in rows, cutting themselves and shouting lamentations for the Prophet's race. The ecstasy is roused for Dutch William and the Ulster Protestant God—that strangely assorted pair. I had been told that times and customs had changed within the last twenty years, and, no doubt, they have changed. But there, on both sides of me, the Orange drums rattled in procession. "People here," said one of Ulster's wisest men to me, "don't think with their brains. They think with their solar plexus."

Yesterday morning, being Sunday, I went to a chapel in my street. It was Presbyterian, and a stained-glass window had a portrait of Calvin for its saint. Facing the large congregation in a towering pulpit, surrounded at the foot by a mixed choir of men and women, stood a commanding figure with long, grizzled hair, powerful eyebrows, and strongly hewn features—the very man to cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," as he led the charge of embattled Protestants against the heathen. With superb enthusiasm, he read us the story of Joshua's tactics for the passage of the Jordan and the invasion of the Promised Land, setting the Ark of the Covenant in the vanguard. We shouted "O God, our help in ages past," the time-honored National Anthem of Ulster Protestantism. And then, in Scottish accents and with enviable eloquence, he told us how the Divine purpose accomplishes itself through frail and unworthy instruments; so leading up to the conclusion that, for the glory of God and the Empire, we must all vote, and vote aright, at the coming election, being assured that God Himself would guide our pencils upon the ballot papers, and leaving us in no doubt that God's guidance would coincide with the preacher's political convictions. How happy, had we all an assurance so unshaken!

In the afternoon, another famous preacher, having engaged the "Ulster Hall" itself, thence proclaimed "God's Supreme Call to Ulster" (signifying the first election under the Partition Act), retold, as in the advertisement, "Lest we Forget." Another minister preached from the text "By the three hundred men that lap I will save you." Alas! If only people on both sides could forget! But when I went, towards evening, to the Custom House steps (the platform for orators, something like our Hyde Park), I heard the crowd adjured to "vote for Jesus on Tuesday." At the same time, as I read in this morning's papers, the Protestant Bishop (the adjective sounds queer to us, but not to Ireland) was telling the Orange Institution at Lambeg that "For God, for duty, and for Empire" was the very heart-cry of Ulster. In the Assembly Hall here the crowd was being told by the Presbyterian minister above-mentioned that Catholicism was a Church "whose

whole story was the rearing of museums of the past, a Church that had always lived among relics and bones, a Church that, like the Chinese, lived on ancestor worship"; whereas, when the preacher came to Belfast and listened to the Protestant psalms and hymns, he said to himself, "This is like the Israel of old. This is God's land, and this is a sacramental people, with an open Bible." Again one cries, "If only, if only that book of Joshua and all the history of the Israelitish invasion of Canaan could be forgotten!" Some tell me a change is perceptible, even in religious animosities. But the change is slow. People live by tradition. They live among relics and bones. They do not think with their brains, but with their solar plexus. Both parties in religion (which is almost identical now with politics) follow the inherited tradition of feud or suffering. It is bred in the bone, and the crowd which was listening to young Father O'Flanagan's denunciation of Partition in the ramshackle Smithfield Market and then followed him up the Catholic Falls Road in religious procession, also did its thinking with the solar plexus.

Neither religion (or party, if you will) reads the papers of the other side or cares to hear its views. One party is lashed to fury over the "Sinn Fein murders"; the other at the hideous "reprisals" of our British forces. To-morrow the elections are held, and one could almost foretell the voting. The Partitionists (former Unionists) expect 36 or 38 members for the Northern Parliament out of 52. If the Anti-Partition wins 20 seats, it will count it a victory; if only 12, it will be a defeat. But de Valera (Down), John MacNeill (Derry), Arthur Griffith (Tyrone), and Michael Collins (Armagh)—all Sinn Fein leaders, and all "absent," two being in gaol, together with six of the other candidates—are thought safe for election. Then there is Joseph Devlin—worn with speaking, desperately fighting for the lost Redmondite cause, eloquent, indignant as ever, safe for his West Belfast, but up for Antrim as well. And there are the three candidates for "Independent Labor," and Mr. Bruce Wallace, Anti-Partitionist, but otherwise an uncertain quantity. Proportional Representation is easier to work than to understand, but it makes some small uncertainty too. Gerrymandering (as in the inclusion of Derry City in Derry County) makes for uncertainty also. So do the dead who will vote on both sides in accordance with their earthly convictions. It has been suggested that polling-booths should be erected in the graveyards. "Up, the Dead!" cried the famous Frenchman when the enemy's assault was hottest. So here.

There is intimidation too, and, naturally, it acts more in favor of Partition. For the Ulster Volunteers, once organized by Sir Edward Carson and the present Lord Chancellor as a rebel force, are now transformed into the "Specials" of Law and Order. They are divided into classes, A, B, and C, the "A-men" acting as regular armed police in uniform; the "B-men" acting at night in country districts and towns, by a five-shilling rota, once every ten days, armed, and with cap and cloak; the "C-men" held in reserve for emergency. All are regarded with apprehension by the unarmed Catholics, especially the "B-men," who, being local, have a painfully intimate knowledge of their neighbors, but, in other respects, are looked upon like the Black-and-Tans in South Ireland. The "A-men" have been forming guards of honor for

Sir James Craig at various places during the elections, and it would be absurd to expect any concealment of opinion from the type of Ulster Volunteers whom I saw receive Carson and F. E. Smith with the royal salute at Portadown in 1912. So it is in keeping that the "Specials" in County Down caused the cycles of the Anti-Partition organizers last week to disappear in three full motor lorries. But now a party of real British Auxiliaries are said to have arrived in Belfast fresh from their arson and looting in the South. More are expected, so that the sanguinary turmoil of our Government's Law and Order may burst out at any moment.

Some election results will probably be known a day or two before this letter appears, though P.R. needs some counting. The questions before the Six Counties are for the moment: (1) Will the new Parliament work at all? (2) Will the Anti-Partitionists (Sinn Féin, Nationalist, and Labor) abstain (as they announce) or combine into an Opposition? (3) Is the finance sound, as the officials assert, or will the Parliament start with a heavy deficit, an intolerable taxation, and a hopeless tribute to the debt and armed forces of England? (4) Has Ulster, or even Dublin, enough experienced men to administer the Departments (no one wants to see "business men" attempting the task after the hash they have made in London)? (5) How can the boycott, which is ruining the "wholesalers" of Belfast, be broken down? (6) How can the linen and shipping trades be restored, and the "expelled workers" (Catholics) be readmitted to the yards without peril to their lives, thus relieving them and the country of the intolerable life by weekly dole?

No one can prophesy, and no one is very hopeful. The most hopeful prophecy I have heard came just now from a prominent Partitionist. "This new Act of yours," he said, "is so appallingly bad that I am convinced it will be the salvation of Ireland, and will lead very soon to the union of the whole country."

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It is too much to assert that day has dawned over the Irish darkness, but there is a gleam, and a fuller and steadier one than the false light of the Clune negotiation. The Crozier exposure is much; and its embarrassing nature is visible in every phrase of Greenwood's attempt to parry a thrust which carries from the centre of the scandal of his administration. General Crozier was his selected agent in the work of terrorizing Ireland. His soldier's record is not faultless, hint the bonnets of the Government. I had never understood that this old Ulsterman was a sentimentalist in khaki. Does that make his existing testimony more or less damaging to his late employers? It is, indeed, their object to discredit him. For if the Crozier revelation stands, there is an end of Greenwoodism.

BUT is it not approaching its natural end? If the Pope's letter, coupled with de Valera's hints of accommodation, open the way to a Constituent Assembly, as it is clear that they do, Sir Edward Carson's removal from the scene he has tormented ends all that was personally effective in the protest of Ulster. Carson stood

alone, and he has left no successor. Privately, I suppose, it may be granted that he was not an unlovable man. And now the great Ulster Rebel looks down from the Bench on his finished work in Ireland. I imagine that his sub-conscious self (if he has one) must rejoice that he can add another touch to its desolation. That he made and kept its existing savagery few can doubt. He had acquired a great power over the House of Commons, and through it over Mr. George. Many thought that he had the Ministry at his mercy; and it is certain that the special quality of his mind, and the peculiar tang of his speech, made him, next to the Prime Minister, the strongest man in Parliament. Now all this influence, half-known, half-guessed, and wholly formidable, is gone for ever. If Mr. George has a free mind on Ireland he can now deliver it without fear.

It is right to add a correcting, or at least a supplementary, footnote to the review of the circumstances of the formation of the Government of 1905 which I made last week in a review of Lord Shaw's book, "Letters to Isabel." The Premiership was not in dispute. But there was a question on which everything hung—namely, whether "C.B." should go to the Lords, or remain in the Commons as its leader. Lord Shaw's picture was of a fixed resolve with "C.B." to stick to the House of Commons. This was his final decision; but there has also been the revelation that Lady Campbell-Bannerman was a considerable factor in it. This must, I think, be assumed to be true. "C.B." hesitated on one ground: he doubted his physical fitness for the strain of leading the House of Commons. He was, in fact, a great success in that position; but after the first year he did depute a great deal of it to Mr. Asquith. So, I am assured, he left the last word to Lady "C.B.," who was coming up from Scotland. She was a woman of great firmness of character, and she had no liking at all for the Imperialists. So her emphatic word was, "No surrender." That given, "C.B." stiffened to his first attitude, and the rest of the negotiation went as Lord Shaw describes it.

I SUPPOSE all the world—if such a thing exists—is cheered by the news that John Burns intends to come back to Parliament. Of course, he will be returned for Battersea. He would probably be returned for any constituency in the country that he chose to put up for. Like Lord Morley, he made, in 1914, a covenant of silence with himself, which nothing would induce him to unseal. For the benefit of his friends he added a pretty good prophecy of what was likely to happen from the war, and he has taken an extreme personal pleasure in seeing most of it come true. Now he reappears as a Labor member, neither of the Right nor of the Left, I imagine, but with certain natural or acquired affinities with both wings.

LEGISLATIVELY the work of the session, possibly of the present Parliament, may be said to be done. Before the dissolution Toryism means to extort from the Government the repeal of the Parliament Act, an operation which will doubtless be disguised under some more tuneable name. For the rest, the outlook is a blank. With licensing side-tracked and the anti-dumping or key industries fad shrinking into a sectional ramp, it is difficult to see how the machine is to be kept going or

to what uses it is to be put during the next three months. But it is too early as yet to assume, as I observe some squeamish Coalitionists are doing, that the Key Industries Bill, by some stroke of Providence, is to be stillborn. Predictions to that effect lack nothing in authority—they come from the fountain head—but I suspect this to be one of those instances where if certain followers have a mind to lead, the leaders are left with no choice save to follow. What the Protectionists feel is that the whole of their cause for the rest of the present Parliament is bound up with the fortunes of this rickety bantling.

I WROTE last week of an official German proposal to provide a continual series of houses for the devastated districts in France, and of the interest which German trade unionism has shown in this scheme. Mr. Hermon Ould sends me one of a series of addresses on this subject delivered by Count Kessler (the part-author of the libretto of Strauss's "Legend of Joseph"). Count Kessler spoke on the German duty of reparation to working-class audiences in the large industrial centres of Germany—including Leipzig, Kiel, Bremen, Hanover, Essen, Dortmund, and Cologne. He got in return a resolution, firmly upholding Germany's obligation to find the houses, but asking that the plans should be drafted by a conference of European economists and representatives of Labor. I quote the closing passage of the resolution, which is akin to that passed by the International Trade Union Congress at Amsterdam:—

"Rejecting all national propaganda, we demand that the reconstruction of the devastated territories be started at once in accordance with the Geneva agreement between the French and German building organizations, and, further, in order to promote an understanding with the Allies, that a real national conference of economists, including accredited representatives of organized working classes, be called, either before the League of Nations (Art. II. and XI., Par. 2) or assembled by the countries concerned (after the model of the Brussels Conference of autumn, 1920, but with a wider scope), empowered to draw up a scheme for reparation based upon the reconstruction of Europe according to national requirements."

Count Kessler thinks that if this German movement should take root elsewhere in Europe, it might be the beginning of a new and peaceful organization of humanity. It is a pity that the United States is so conservative; it is precisely the kind of new start in internationalism that she ought to set going.

I HOPE that the Colonial Office will be given no rest till it is moved to put down, against the opposition and the inertia of the local officials, the hideous custom of *mui tsai* (really domestic child slavery) which prevails in Hong Kong. China has declared this custom (or at least the re-sale of the girls) to be illegal. But it goes on under the noses of our officials, and the reports of its cruelty continually come to their notice in the shape of scandals at the law courts. These slave children get no money, they are often over-worked and beaten, and they are trafficked from one Chinese household to another, or shipped to all parts of the East from this British colony. We know all about it: we have the better Chinese conscience on the side of ending this wickedness, and a strong local Press demanding reform. But we do nothing. The fetid pool of slavery begins to rise again, creeping closer to the borders of our free Empire. Does the Colonial Office care? Little enough, I fear. But as

there is now a Committee of Inquiry at work, it can be made to care, and that is the business of liberty-loving England.

MR. W. J. CHAMBERLAIN writes me:—

"Concerning your recent note on the German C.O. movement, you may be interested to learn that that movement was a direct result of the internment of a young German officer in this country, who came into contact with English C.O.s and was converted to 'extreme' pacifism. This young officer (Meyer by name) went back to Germany at the conclusion of hostilities, and founded the German war-resisters' movement.

"There is a precisely similar movement in this country, members of which are asked to sign a somewhat drastic pledge. So far, just under 1,000 have signed the pledge (which is almost exactly similar to that signed by the German members), and the number increases daily. When the organization is strong enough, it is intended to embark on a campaign for complete disarmament."

THE following verses have been sent to me:—

I OFTEN wonder whether the wolves are baser
When they gobble the little lambs without apology,
Or when they put on a hanging judge's face, or
Turn up the whites of their eyes and talk theology.

Oh, I think it's nobler, if a man is bent upon killing,
To go out and kill, and boast that he's Cain's own
cousin,
Than to lie in ambush with a gold-nibbed fountain-pen,
filling
The air with mean and sneak-thief lies by the dozen.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE ARTIST AS POLITICIAN.

THE sadness of the artist is an old and common theme of poetry; but one doubts whether in any time but our own age he would have been reproached for his sensitiveness to affairs. However, so it is. The artist of to-day is forbidden to be a public man. And when his sensitiveness to the political life passes, as it is liable to pass, into an acute phase, and without overpowering his gift of production, grows urgent and clamorous for expression, its victim is declared to have committed the unpardonable sin against Art. He is felt to have done something outside his contract with society and with himself. The artist lives for nature and the æsthetic emotions, to which of late has been added an airy annexe, in the shape of the world of metaphysics. Ruskin should have gone on describing pretty pictures and fine scenery all his life; and Tolstoy would have done well to leave religion alone. Now it is Mr. Max Beerbohm's turn. "We thought the fellow was an artist; but we find he's a politician. More than that, he's a Liberal. Now no one, positively no one, is a Liberal nowadays. A Fabian or a Lloyd Georgite we should understand. But an Asquithian! Good God!"

This is the kind of comment that the "Times" and other organs of opinion have really made upon Max Beerbohm's collection of social and political satires in the Leicester Galleries. Usually it is disguised as an attack on Max's technique. But as it is perfectly obvious that the author of "The Cecils Cross Over" can draw

as well as ever he did, one may take it for granted that his real offence is that he has taken away from his power to please in order to give (as Sir William Orpen is accustomed to give) freer rein to his power to stimulate and annoy. One can discern the beginning of the mood in the drawings which date from the years immediately before the war. Such is the character of the prophetic sketch of a dainty, simpering Sir Philip Sassoon seated cross-legged between a pair of giant profiteers. But the war has infuriated him. He can still indulge himself with the esoteric joke—half-literary, half-social—but for the moment, the mild, the charming Max, is no more. "Did you drive your children like cattle to the slaughter for *this*, and because you yourselves were *that*?" is the meaning of a good half of the pictures in the Leicester Galleries. This society has chosen the vulgar little man in the morning coat to be its god. Mr. Beerbohm sees Jupiter in the act of preparing it another in the shape of a red-faced trade unionist, heavy-handed and heavy-witted. Either way, moderation, the rule of reason and spiritual fineness, are dead.

"Max," then, being like most artists, a pretty keen politician, it is not Mr. Lytton Strachey's beard, and his dejected gaze on the bust of Queen Victoria, for which he craves our interest, so much as the condition of England since the war. A rather gross England, it would seem, in which the smirking "Coalie" Liberal poses the pensive Independent with the question whether it may not profit more to lose one's soul than one's seat, and a still grosser Captain of Industry fears lest Labor's demand for much wages and little work should signify its loss of "faith in a future life." A fatuous, short-skirted England, wondering why that "dear, sweet Colonel Repington" carries a "funny little notebook" behind his back. A self-patronizing England, swelling in pompous adoration of its nervous little Prince of Wales, to be presently succeeded by the grossest of all the Englands—the England in which Labor rules. Of the character of Labor when it comes to power Mr. Beerbohm has no doubt whatever. His Labor John Bull is, if possible, a more insufferable bounder than his capitalistic one. Mr. Beerbohm alternately decorates him with a (jewelled) red tie and a red beard, but he is usually at pains to exhibit him as the already anointed successor to the cultureless profiteer. Installed in the Education Office, he thunders at the starveling poet, begging for six months' outdoor relief as the price of a volume of dedicated sonnets. Lord of our foreign affairs, he welcomes a "Mossoo" Cambon to Downing Street, and bids him mark that he pronounces "Paris" "Parce." Mr. Beerbohm is no more merciful to Labor's elderly advisers. A white-bearded symposium of superannuated Shaws, Hyndmans, Cunninghame Grahams, and a fearfully quarrelsome and very amusing Sidney Webb, hold tearful colloquy on the measures to be taken to make Labor believe in them as visionaries still. The coarseness and materialism of Labor match themselves against the famished and stricken enthusiasm of the Bolshevik, with his cruel face and hawk-like nails, dripping blood. What hope for such a world? Does it reside in the ageing, meditative Asquith, and the fugitive remains of the aristocracy of Liberal thought and statesmanship? Mr. Beerbohm gently annotates its moral and æsthetic contrast with its rivals. But he does not press his advocacy.

Such are the discontents of a refined and agitated spirit, at war with the vulgarities of his time. "Max's" criticism of the Labor Party is hardly just, for though its leadership may be commonplace, and at

times class-selfish, there is nothing conventionally "common" in the idea of Socialism, or in the trade unionist's effort to make the arts of civilization accessible to workmen. In the process "common" types may be developed, and it is the fault of Mr. Beerbohm that his delicacy, almost his fastidiousness, has seized upon them to the exclusion of a rarer kind of Labor leader. But the bite of his satire is not here. It is in his description of things as they are in the existing government of the country. He fastens on two men as their image and representative—Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Lloyd George. The one he finds sinister and *macabre*; the other sinister in his mastery of half-comic chicanery. Carson is essentially a figure of the past—the country is weary of him and he of himself. But George lives on, to compass the downfall of European idealism (figured in the utterly broken Wilson) and to pose at home as alternately a Tory and a democrat. There is an unhappy, bedraggled George forcibly held up by Carson and Curzon to play his part of a rising hope of Toryism, and there is a sharp, winking, demagogic George, neat in his *bourgeois* smartness. Neither is real; and "Max" views this masque of statesmanship much as the legitimate actor watches the mechanical and italicized mimicry of the cinema. He is a gentleman; this is not the age of gentlemen. Its taste is not good, and gimcrackery suits it. If there is a cultured, seemly, and honest politics, the vision of it must live in the artist's mind, or be realized in a finer environment than the world of to-day.

That seems to me to be the misunderstood purpose of this most interesting exhibition. If I have wrongly stated it, "Max" must forgive me.

H. W. M.

DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY.

A NEW diplomacy is in the air; and faint sounds have been emitted by the Foreign Office which have, at moments, suggested an atmosphere of partial receptivity. It is true that the men are lacking; it is still more true that no effective scheme of training has been devised. But at least the old financial barrier which made the diplomatic service what Mr. Bright called "the outdoor relief department of the British aristocracy" has disappeared; and in theory, at least, the grammar schools of Leeds and Manchester can now compete with the practical monopoly of Eton and Harrow. That does not mean that the Foreign Office is anxious for reform, or that it has measured its own deficiencies. Its recent appointments have been either of the old, stereotyped form, or, like that of Sir Auckland Geddes, quite lamentable innovations. The relationship of the ambassador to the consul has undergone no genuine adaptation. The problem of foreign affairs in Parliament has been at no point better defined. The Peace of Versailles stands as damning evidence of the diplomatists' conception of a new world.

Yet there is some real thinking, outside the service, upon the technical issues of diplomacy. Not the least admirable of this has come from the experienced insight of Mr. George Young; and his recent survey* not only covers the whole ground, but is, at every point, well-informed and suggestive. He is concerned to make diplomacy democratic, and he does not shrink from overhauling its entire machinery to that end. He sees the curse of modern conditions, where the junior clerk is

* "Diplomacy Old and New." By George Young. (Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

a cipher and the senior clerk either a desiccated despot, or the tool of a skilful private secretary with the moral outlook of a profiteer. The root of the matter is the way in which the Foreign Office controls not merely the conduct of diplomacy, but also the making of foreign policy.

Mr. Young might have added that under Mr. Lloyd George the evils of the system are intensified tenfold. Aristocratic bureaucracy, like that of Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grey, is infinitely preferable to the improvised dictatorship we now have. In the old days there was, at least, a responsible source of decision. Now, when the business in hand comes to Mr. Lloyd George when it is dramatic and important, and to Lord Curzon when it is dull and jejune; when the Premier's private secretary is a Cabinet officer without popular authority and official responsibility, and the Cabinet a negligible anecdote of the history books; no man can tell how business is done. Sovereignty in foreign affairs floats between Downing Street and Lympne, with Sir Philip Sassoon as its aristocratic messenger. Criticism there is none, save when Commander Kenworthy or Colonel Wedgwood seeks to ruffle the placid imperturbability of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth. Continuity there is none; knowledge is of that quality which kills our friendship with America that Sir Hamar Greenwood may make a reputation for barbarity; ideas are shunned like death. The American Senate can destroy an effort at dictatorship; and even tigers are tamed when they show their teeth in the Chamber of Deputies. But the House of Commons competes to crown with garlands a policy which it not only despises, but knows to be offered with contempt.

The old literature of diplomacy was far different in its substance from Mr. Young's analysis. Mainly, it dealt with manners; a kind of mingling of a guide to Court etiquette with an adaptation of the maxims of Lord Chesterfield. But for oil and iron and coal, for Republics and Soviets, you cannot adopt the men or methods of the *ancien régime*. What is needed, as Mr. Young urges with the weight of a Royal Commission behind him, is a new method of selection that prevents the private secretary being a patronage official, the amalgamation of the Foreign Office and the diplomatic service, the development of a proper system of promotion and transfer. But, above all, he wants to break down the imposition of useless routine work upon first-rate young men, a proper training in history, economics, and politics, by co-operation with the universities, and a regional specialization within the service that the needed *expertise* may be developed. Add to these reforms the Parliamentary ratification of all treaties and a Foreign Affairs Committee in the House, and we have the outline of Mr. Young's approach to the problem of democratization.

All of this is to the good; and little of it would meet with objection were it not for the mysterious glamor in which democracy still enshrouds the diplomatic art. If the average member of Parliament could be brought to realize that a ten years' ambassadorship gives the average diplomat about as much knowledge, say, of America, as a good journalist could learn in a three months' tour; if he could once be brought to understand that blunt honesty like that of Lord Lyons is ten times as valuable as devious scheming like that of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; if he could once grasp the way in which the last ten years have made most of the official channels of intercourse obsolete; we could hope for informed criticism upon the floor of the House. The dubious connection between business and foreign affairs ought to give even a Labor member pause; and the superior humanity of

an American legation ought to be at least suggestive. It is significant that few of the great figures in our foreign affairs, Cromer, White, Satow, Bryce, have been natural to the service. Even the great ambassadors, like Morier and Lyons, have imposed themselves upon an office that did not leap in response to their ability.

Mr. Young hopes to abolish these absurdities by making the study of foreign affairs a university subject, and so securing an ultimately close affiliation between academic analysis and the practical business of the office. Doubtless there is real use in that; though one wants a different type of historical professor for the task from most of those now prevalent. What sympathy, for instance, is a course in foreign affairs in the University of London likely to develop for the aims, say, of the masses in Germany? Oxford teaches no economics worthy of mention; Cambridge has made only tentative efforts at the study of political science. Mr. Young, one imagines, will find himself reforming the universities for the end he has in view. And, if entrance to the service is to be wide open, the educational ladder will have to be more generous than it now is in the number of its rungs. Mr. Young himself would make an admirable professor of foreign affairs; but what English university would have the courage to take an ex-diplomat of Bolshevik tendencies? And would the Foreign Office allow its prospective members to sit at the feet of such an embodiment of heresy?

The truth is that wherever one examines the foundations of diplomacy, one touches that connection between society and politics which is basic in the present structure of English life. It has its manifold charms. It is generous to success; and ability that has attained due honor is sure there of a not ungraceful recognition. But, at its root, it is a society the antithesis of democratic. It is one of the strategic positions in a system of defences the real object of which is to prevent that assault on property that is the real clue to the present temper. Our diplomacy has room for business men; it has no room for the trade unionist. It will assist in a scramble for oil, but it does not seek to interest itself in the fate of the oil-workers. It is ensconced in a tradition which assimilates widely different persons, but not widely different ideas. It can find room for a butcher's son like Wolsey, and a great aristocrat like Granville; it could not give place to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and one imagines that the digestion of a natural democrat like Lord Morley would cause it infinite difficulty. It builds upon the tradition of popular ignorance. Its technique would be rudely disturbed by opening its channels to the general view.

Our present diplomacy, in a word, has the psychology of an aristocratic order. Your real aristocracy has no difficulty in digesting talent. It can take Hume and Rousseau on its ambassadorial pilgrimages; it can even find work for a poet like Prior, and a diplomat like Richard Pace, whose hobby is theology. But the condition is always their absorption; the system does not admit the presence of alien temper. That is why, as Mr. Young sees, the real remedy is not to make the service efficient, or even to make real the theory of Parliamentary control. The real remedy lies in the creation of an electorate that is something more than the passive recipient of orders. *Les Administrés*, as Royer-Collard called them, will never display an aptitude for control. Until citizenship becomes the ability actively to participate in government, instead of inertly to accept it, diplomacy will be screened from the public view. It is perhaps the main count in the indictment of Mr. Lloyd George that he has deliberately impeded that development.

OLD LONDON INNS.

Just two centuries ago there was published at tenpence, by T. Bickerton, at the Crowne, in Paternoster Row, a little booklet which now fetches high prices when rare copies appear at Sotheby's. Its full title was "A Vade Mecum for Maltworms, or a Guide to Good Fellows; being a Description of the Manners and Customs of the Most Eminent Publick Houses in and about the Cities of London and Westminster. With a hint on the Props (or Principal Customers) of each House. In a Method so plain that any Thirsty Person (of the Meanest Capacity) may easily find the nearest way from one House to another. Dedicated to the Brewers." We are irresistibly reminded of this trifle when we turn to Mr. Wagner's work* and find that the greater part of it is occupied by the curiosities and associations of London's hotels, taverns, cafés and tea-shops. He tells us that in his search for aspects of modern London not presented by the guide-books he set aside the churches, public buildings, theatres, city companies' halls, mansions, and slums, in order to break fresh ground. He has, in fact, found himself restricted to what is in itself a very wide field, the houses of entertainment, solid and liquid, old and new. Lacking, of course, the coarseness of the Early Georgian topographer, and allowing for the changed manners which our licensing laws have produced, his work is a very fascinating successor to the "Vade Mecum for Maltworms." True, he never tells us of the "glorious bub," the "humming ale," the "right good Mantz," "the rare liquors and the kind landlord" which constantly inspired the doggerel rhymes of his predecessor in this field; but he has the same eye for the curious. In the "Vade Mecum" we are told of the Goos and Gridiron, which disappeared a few years ago from London House Yard on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, that "the rarities of this house are: 1, the odd sign; 2, the pillar that supports the chimney; 3, the skittle-ground upon the top of the house; 4, the water course running through the chimney; 5, the handsome maid, Hannah." Turn to Mr. Wagner's account of Rule's in Maiden Lane, with its two gigantic clam-shells that Albert Smith used to tell his friends belonged to the largest "hoyster" he had ever opened, its portraits and busts of famous actors from Charles Mathews to Dan Leno, its immense bound volume of old theatrical play-bills, its unique collection of Rowlandson's sketches, and a complete set of "Ape's" cartoons for "Vanity Fair," and we shall see that our author is well in the apostolic succession.

There is no doubt that his book is fully entitled to the merit that it claims of being outside the guide-book's world. It is true that many of its curiosities—the hot cross buns at the Widow's Son, in Devon's Road, Bow, the "guessing of the cheese" at Simpson's fish ordinary in Bird-in-hand Court, Cheapside, the quaint, old-world Williamson's Hotel hidden away behind the office buildings in Bow Lane—have formed the subject of newspaper articles and sketches; but Mr. Wagner has put them together in an admirable setting, and has added many curiosities which we never remember to have seen noted by even the most curious "chiels" from Fleet Street. For instance, the cellar of the Hole in the Wall in Mitre Court, Wood Street, City, where spirits are dispensed, is a part of the old Wood Street Compter, a debtors' prison, built in 1555, whose entrance hall was hung with pictures of the Prodigal Son. In our day the Prison Commissioners at Brixton are less given to decorative warnings to the unfortunate debtors. Here one reads of the little tavern called the Surrey Arms,

opposite the Surrey Theatre in Blackfriars Road, which was long known as "The Halfpenny House," because until the Great War turned Europe topsy-turvy, one might purchase a "pony" of ale or stout, a small cigar, a screw of shag, a ham sandwich, or a crust of bread and cheese, for a halfpenny. Talking of that humble coin, our author does not tell us that close by in Meymott Street, on the other side of Blackfriars Road—once the hansom cabman's short cut from the City to Waterloo Station—there stands Hatch Court, and until its recent demolition, the Hatch House, a public-house which preserved the memory of the old "Halfpenny Hatch," a private footway across the open fields and gardens between Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars, whose owner charged a halfpenny toll to all who used it. It was by the side of this footway that Astley the ex-Guardsman set up his first tiny circus, and introduced an entirely new form of entertainment not only to London but to the world. Another curious exhibition to which Mr. Wagner introduces us is the Clan Tartan Room on the first floor of the Scotch Stores at the corner of Milford Lane opposite St. Clement Danes. This is known to every Scot who comes to London, but few Londoners have seen it. There are forty-eight panels reaching from ceiling to floor, each showing an absolutely correct length of one of the Scotch tartans, with the Royal Stuart over the fireplace. Theatrical costumiers and producers, Mr. Wagner says, owe much to this tartan museum.

A very singular fact which our author brings out is that Early Victorian resorts like Evans's, the Cyder Cellars, the Holborn Casino, the Argyll Rooms, and Tom Cribb's parlor have undergone little change in a structural sense since the days of Pierce Egan and Thackeray, although their present uses and outward appearances may have changed. Evans's, supposed to be "the Cave of Harmony" in "The Newcomes," is now the National Sporting Club. The Cyder Cellars in Maiden Lane, a resort which appears in Albert Smith's "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," and as "The Back Kitchen" in "Pendennis," is now Chandos Hall, and has been many things, including a synagogue, a school of arms, a sporting club, and a Socialist headquarters. The Holborn Casino is now swallowed up in the Holborn Restaurant, the famous Argyll Rooms are disguised as the Trocadero Restaurant, while Tom Cribb's parlor, glorified in Pierce Egan's "Adventures of Tom and Jerry," is now the Union Arms in Pantons Street, Haymarket. The saloon where many friendly boxing-bouts took place when Tom Cribb was landlord is divided up into bar compartments, but the tavern, which dates from 1750, has undergone no change whatever. Another surprising fact is that Will's coffee house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Dryden in his special armchair was lord of all the wits, with Pepys among his audience, where Addison and Steele, Pope, Gay, and Congreve, Wycherley, Smollett, and Dr. Johnson, in successive generations spent their leisure hours, is still standing. Even the door-knocker at the side entrance is there, and only the balcony where Dryden's armchair used to be brought in fine weather has disappeared in the intervening centuries.

Pratt's Club in Park Place, near St. James's Street, is a spot to which no guide-book can direct the stranger, but Mr. Wagner's insatiable curiosity takes us there. The suppers are still served in the kitchen downstairs, where there are an open fireplace, a curious mantelpiece, a dresser filled with salmon-fly plates, and many old prints. All over the house are stuffed birds and fish, and the card players still play cribbage as in the days of the dandies. Another West End resort is

* "A New Book about London." By Leopold Wagner. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

the Nineteen Hundred Club, in Pickering Place, St. James's Street, which, under the initiative of a former secretary, Mr. Comyn Platt—whom we seem to remember in another avatar in connection with the "Confederates"—has been fitted up in the style of the Regency. Wooden logs in the firegrates, an old blunderbuss over the mantelpiece, pewter dishes, drinking goblets, and long clay pipes, and a steward in Georgian costume, with grey silk stockings, buckle shoes, lace stock, and full-bottom wig, make up a stage picture which one would imagine the modern revellers must find it rather difficult to live up to. It must be rather exhausting to remember exactly what Brummel and Alvanley and the rest of the shades would have done, but as a picturesque impersonation it is worthy of record. It must not be supposed that Mr. Wagner confines himself, like the "Vade Mecum's" anonymous author, to the cities of London and Westminster. He can tell us all about the King's Head at Chigwell, the Maypole of "Barnaby Rudge," and he remembers the Edinburgh Castle in Morningson Road, Camden Town, when it boasted a museum of heterogeneous curiosities, including the Balaclava bugle now in the United Service Institution. He knows Tom Cribb's grandson, who keeps the Mitre Tavern at Woolwich, and tells us of the Two Brewers in Greenwich, with Jem Mace's portrait in the saloon bar. He knows the restaurant in Greek Street, Soho, where the genuine Burgundy snails are the special attraction, and he remembers the tea-garden taverns, like the Spaniards, where Mrs. Bardell was interrupted by Dodson & Fogg's polite clerk, and the Hornsey Wood Tavern, whose grounds are now swallowed up in Finsbury Park.

His pleasant flow of gossip and of information makes the book very readable, but there are two errors which should be corrected when the next edition is called for. One is a reference to the old Lodge at Merton, as "now converted into workrooms for a Regent Street firm of silk mercers," which is a very slap-dash way of referring to the wonderful tapestry, dyeing, silk-weaving, and other industries which William Morris, greatest of artistic craftsmen, established at Merton Abbey just forty years ago. Another statement is that "the utter inadequacy of the L.C.C. steamboat services, as contrasted with those of the old Thames Conservancy Board," prevented the attempt to revive the whitebait dinners at the Ship at Greenwich. The truth is that the Thames Conservancy never ran a steamboat service at any time, adequate or inadequate. It owned certain of the piers, and various private capitalists at various periods ran steamboat services. When the L.C.C. started their steamboats, those services had already ceased. The L.C.C. service was good and adequate, but when, on the first wet summer, a political outcry was raised against the whole enterprise by the Moderate wreckers, an attempt was made to lessen the deficit by reducing the number of boats to Greenwich. But that service had nothing to do with the decline in popularity of the old whitebait dinners at Greenwich. The final proof of this is that the last of the Ministerial whitebait dinners, which helped to maintain the fashion, was Lord Rosebery's, in 1894, ten years before the L.C.C. steamboat service started. Fashions in feeding are constantly changing, and the vogue of whitebait dinners at Greenwich vanished as completely as those repasts at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where Count Mirabel and Ferdinand Armino drove down to dine, in "Henrietta Temple." But we hasten to add that though fashion changes, we have not lost our taste for the literary repast that Mr. Wagner has spread for us in this interesting book.

Letters to the Editor.

A RADICAL REVIVAL.

SIR,—Mr. H. J. Laski suggests in the letter published in your last issue that "a party which numbers Lord Gainford among its distinguished adherents is incapable of creativeness upon industrial issues."

Is it not going too far to distrust a party because an individual adherent does not hold what one considers the right views?

On this test, would readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM be inclined to believe in "the creativeness upon industrial issues" of a party which numbers amongst its distinguished adherents Mr. Havelock Wilson, Colonel Ward, Mr. John Hodge, and Mr. Ben Tillett?—Yours, &c.,

Manchester. May 23rd, 1921.

E. D. SIMON.

SIR,—We complain of the militarists that they keep alive bitter feelings against the Germans after the war has (nominally) ceased.

But are not we (the friends of peace and freedom) sometimes guilty of a somewhat similar offence?

I agree with Mr. Laski in condemning all the actions of Mr. Asquith to which he refers in his letter of last Saturday. But ought not the enemies of war and militarism to make considerable allowance for the exceptionally evil influences of these forces, and to be ready to recognize the willingness of any statesman (who has done good service in past times) to shake off those evil influences when war is over? No doubt we can conceive of a statesman strong enough to have resisted those forces; but how exceptional he must be! Even Gladstone was dragged into the Egyptian War, and into all the blunders that arose out of that war. We cannot expect people to forget those errors or to put the same confidence in the man who committed them that one might have given to him in former times. But Mr. Laski admits that he is doing good service now, service much needed and for which Asquith's special abilities will be most useful. Surely we must not discard him altogether for having yielded to pressure that few can resist.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Hampstead. May 22nd, 1921.

THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE AND THE HABSBURGS.

SIR,—In the issue of April 2nd of your paper, which has unfortunately reached me tardily, you write under "Events of the Week" about ex-King Charles's Easter trip. Your article includes the following sentence: "Probably, if Hungary had her will, he would be welcomed, for he is personally sympathetic, and Habsburg loyalty is not likely to disappear in a few months."

May I be permitted to suggest that such information is erroneous, and that the bulk of the Hungarian people will have nothing to do with the Habsburgs?

The Habsburgs in Hungary's history.—For 400 years Hungary's history is an unceasing struggle against the Habsburgs. All the great Hungarian national heroes—Bethlen, Bocskay, Thököly, Rákóczy, Kossuth—fought to rid the nation of the Habsburg yoke. The great majority of the Hungarian electorate belonged to the Party of Independence, which was openly anti-Habsburg. The pro-dualistic Parliamentary majority was merely the product of electioneering tricks, bribery, and ruthless brutal force.

The peasants and workers.—The peasants, the most important class of the Hungarian people, have always been Kossuth partisans, and consistently voted the Independent ticket. They are to-day still anti-Karlists and avowed protagonists of the "free choice of a Monarch"—a veil for republicanism. In Hungary, to-day, confession of republican opinions is considered criminal, and punished accordingly, although the majority of the peasant party is republican. The industrial and agricultural workers all are republicans. A great many believers in the republican idea are to be found among the small-scale producers and intellectuals, who formerly belonged to the Party of Independence. Con-

fronted by the White Terror, they must conceal their republican convictions.

The Habsburg partisans: the officers.—To-day, Hungary is simply an officers' republic. Any young lieutenant has more real power than a member of the Cabinet. The officers are the chief supporters of the present governing system, which recently has been characterized by E. v. Benitzky, former Hungarian Minister of the Interior, in open Parliamentary session, as the "most cowardly and stupid military dictatorship in the world."

The number of officers, the reserve officers included, amounts to 100,000. A part of them serves in the National Army and in the various detachments; others are employed in various bureaux, but they are all under military organization and are armed. Having obtained comfortable and safe jobs, they are all fervent monarchists; for they know all too well that they would find no place under any democratic régime. Since a Habsburg restoration is scarcely feasible, their efforts are devoted to perpetuating the present situation of a *kingdom-without-king*. All those murders and robberies which have degraded Hungary in the eyes of civilized mankind have been perpetrated by these people. Their disarmament is not only necessary for the maintenance of peace in Central Europe, but is essential to prevent further murder within Hungary.

The great landholders.—A serious danger confronts the owners of the vast estates: the agrarian reform. In the neighboring States a thorough agrarian reform has been effected, and a similar reform must be conceded in Hungary. Parcelling of the land can only be hindered through a monarch's gratitude. Hence the magnates' fidelity to the dynasty!

The higher clericals.—Without a clerical monarchy the Catholic Church would be deprived of its whole political power, for the influence of Protestantism is too strong in Hungary.

The peace of Central Europe depends primarily on the immediate and definite solution of the Habsburg problem. You say, "probably, if Hungary had her will, Charles would be welcomed," and you mean, only pressure of the Great and the Little Entente hinders the restoration. The fact is, that if Hungary had her will, if "the most cowardly and stupid military dictatorship" would cease to exist, if elections could be held without threat or violence, the will of the tremendous majority of the Hungarian people would be the dethronement of the Habsburgs.—Yours, &c.,

DR. PAUL SZENDE,

Former Hungarian Minister for Finance.

Vienna, May 6th, 1921.

AALAND ISLANDS.

SIR,—In a note on the award of the Commission appointed by the Council of the League of Nations to report on the Aaland question you comment very judiciously on the question immediately at issue. May I, however, point out an omission in your statement of the case, which in the eyes of Finns, and especially of Swedish Finns, is of considerable importance, and was, we are expressly told in the Report, deemed to carry great weight? The Aalanders are, as you say, Swedish, but it remains to add that the same is true of 12 per cent. of the population of the Finnish mainland, and that from these brothers of the Aalanders the strongest opposition came to the separation of the islands from Finland. These Swedes submitted that the Aalanders represented not a national minority, but a fragment of a national minority, and that on this ground no case existed for the application of the Wilsonian principle. The Aalanders, it may be said *en passant*, had for a very long period been contented citizens of the Finnish Motherland, and differed neither in racial origin nor in language and culture from the rest of the Swedes in Finland. The special case of the Aalands hardly seems to warrant the larger conclusions you draw as to the general effect of the award as a precedent in the future.—Yours, &c.,

A. MARCUS TOLLET.

St. James's Club, Piccadilly. May 23rd, 1921.

THE SPELLING OF FOREIGN PLACE-NAMES.

SIR,—The January number of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" contained an article by Lord Edward

Gleichen on the work of the Permanent Committee on Geographical Place-Names. The public is directly interested in the Committee's work, for its results will appear every time we look at a map of a foreign country. It is work of world-wide importance. It would be natural to expect, therefore, that the best expert advice would be obtained in carrying it out.

Unfortunately, the table which is attached to the article, and which purports to explain the nature of the sounds represented by certain symbols, shows only too clearly not only that the Committee has omitted to obtain expert advice, but that its members lack elementary knowledge of the nature of spoken sounds, both in foreign languages and in their own. A full list of the mistakes would be too long to give here. It will be enough, perhaps, to say that according to the instructions the symbol *a* is to be pronounced "long and short, as in *lavà*"; *e* "long as in *ché*; short as in *bet*"; *i* "long as in *marine*, short as in *piano*"; *o* "long as in *both*, short as in *robund*"; *ö* "as in German: equals the French *eu* in *peu*"; and *u* "long as in *rude*, or as *oo* in *boot*, short as in *pull*." If the Committee means that the symbols are to be used to express both long and short forms of the same vowel-sounds, the examples are misleading; if it means that each symbol stands for two different vowels, the terms "long" and "short" are wrong. But it is impossible to tell what it does mean.

The descriptions of the *ch* in *loch* as a "hard, aspirated guttural" and the *th* in *they* as "soft" are neither scientific nor illuminating, and are superfluous, as a person who does not know how to pronounce the *th* in *they* will not be more likely to pronounce it correctly when told that it is "soft." There is a good deal of other superfluous matter, in particular the explanation of the diphthongs *ai*, *au*, *ei*, which are said to represent "the Italian vowels, frequently slurred." The use of the word "slurred" leads one to suspect that what is meant by *ai* is the sound in *aisle*, which is not made up of Italian vowels.

It appears from the article that alphabets of no less than thirty-two languages have been prepared, and the spelling of five hundred place-names from A to F provisionally decided; also that a heavy task is in front of the Committee in the correction of names for the new map of Eastern Turkey in Asia. No new system is proposed by the Committee; only the old one with some modifications. With the system itself, regarded as a national and not as an international system, experts would probably find but little fault. It is probably almost as good a system as could be devised for speakers of English without new symbols, and is certainly an advance on that of the Simplified Spelling Society. It will be all the more regrettable if, in carrying it out in the spelling of names on maps and in explaining the use of the symbols to the public, expert advice is not obtained; and it is difficult to see what excuse there can be for not obtaining it, seeing that there is a department of phonetics (the science of spoken sounds) close at hand at University College, London.—Yours, &c.,

ORIENTALIST.

East India United Service Club.

Poetry.

THE SEA.

... I SEE a far-off rim of sea. It is that sea of which the poets tell, the sea of wonder and romance, the sea of faery lands, foam-flecked and perilous, serpent-haunted, the sea that hides the maelstrom in its deeps, over whose still, inland fiords cuckoos call, the wine-dark sea of Ulysses, coiled breathlessly round pumice isles, the sea of the Sirens, dragon-green and luminous, the mirror holding an intenser day, the sea from which Venus rose, the triumphant sea after terrific fights, with Armadas fathoms deep, one flower-like and rejoicing blue, the sea of Breton storms, scanned by sore eyes for the speck that never comes, *la cimetière sans croix*, the sea with yellow sands, the bearer of warm, rapid streams, inviolate, the womb and sepulchre of lost Atlantics, the Lady of the ships. I see it and possess it all. . . .

R. L. G.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE one outstanding feature of the Stock Exchange remains the keen appetite of the public for high-class investment stocks. In fact, the way in which sound security has become the quest of the investor is the one landmark in the investment year so far. The present year began with the remarkably successful debenture issue of the Cunard Line. These debentures have actually advanced to 12 premium. More lately we have seen an almost unprecedented rush for the 7 per cent. Indian Loan. Last week the new Norwegian Government Loan was quickly oversubscribed, while this week a sound 7½ per cent. debenture issue by the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company was oversubscribed in a few hours. These few examples show clearly enough the present trend of investment fashion, which is also illustrated by the general and substantial rise that has taken place in fixed-interest-bearing securities of good standing. Two factors are mainly responsible. First, the general uncertainty in the industrial and commercial spheres. Secondly, the general belief in the cheapening of money. Common opinion holds that we are in for a fairly extended period of monetary ease. There are, on the other hand, experts who are inclined to differ from this belief. When once the coal miners are back at work—so they argue—trade revival will come with great rapidity, and the consequent demand for financial accommodation will keep money rates up. Certainly, the news coming from the chief centres of trade and industry reveals a growing volume of business inquiries which should result in definite contracts when the industrial outlook is clearer. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how trade revival can be anything but gradual and slow, and I am inclined to share the more common belief that a period of monetary ease and Stock Exchange activity will follow the coal settlement and continue for a time, before the wheels of industry get going again smoothly and fast enough to strain the credit position. It is not, however, to be overlooked that a host of would-be industrial borrowers are waiting to come on the market for new capital when Bank rate is down to 6 per cent. and the coal trouble over.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FINANCE.

At the Brussels Conference last year the unofficial representative of the United States said that America would not freely invest money in helping European recovery until Europe had proved herself to be a reasonable business risk. That there are other aspects of the matter, from the American point of view, is suggested by the following passage in an article on "The Federal Reserve Banks" by the New York correspondent of the "Economist" in the May "Banking Supplement" of that journal: "Our enormous accumulation of the metal (i.e., gold) has been increased by more than \$60,000,000 through imports since April 1st, and more than \$200,000,000 has been added since the first of the year. The continued heavy influx is causing no little concern in many quarters of the banking community. So far most of the additional gold, as indicated, has gone to the Federal Reserve banks, and has not been used as a basis for any material expansion of credit. Until adequate American credits are extended abroad gold imports are likely to continue unless our merchandise exports show a substantial decrease." The British trade returns alone show that from this country we sent to the U.S.A. in the first four months of this year gold to the value of nearly £18 millions. In connection with the question of American credits to Europe may be noted the announcement of a French Government Loan in New York for £25,000,000, in the shape of twenty-year bonds carrying 7½ per cent. interest and issued at the price of 95 per cent. A feature of the foreign exchange market this week has been a severe setback to the quotation of sterling in New York, due to heavy purchases of dollars on French and German account.

THE GAMBLE IN GERMAN BONDS.

Recently German 3 per cents. have been among the most active securities in the stock markets, while the newly introduced German 4 per cents. and 3½ per cents. have also come in for attention, along with Prussian 3½ per cents. Purchases of these stocks at the present time are a gamble pure and simple—a gamble on the improvement in mark exchange. It is a gamble that may possibly turn out well, but it is certainly fraught with risks which the small investor would be very unwise to undertake. Some of the risks involved, risks of social and political developments, of taxation programmes in Germany, of further international entanglements, will be readily recognized. But purchasers of German Bonds, who are in effect gambling on the mark, should also remember that enormous quantities of German marks are held abroad, and that slight occurrences in a host of directions may cause these to be thrown on the market in quantities sufficient to cause frequent relapses in German exchange. For well-to-do persons to back their opinions as to the speed of German recovery is one thing; but it is a very different matter for the small investor, who should certainly resist the temptation.

RAILWAY COMPANIES AND THE NEW BILL.

It is becoming daily more apparent that Sir Eric Geddes's Railway Bill will not be regarded as an agreed measure. Some of the companies, especially the Scottish, will throw all their weight into the fight for some important amendments. A number of railway companies have circularized their shareholders on the subject of the Bill, and the following quotation from the Midland Company's statement illustrates moderate railway opinion: "The Government having decided that the present constitution and administration of railways shall be altered, the Bill as introduced, so far as the main principles and broad features are concerned, meets to a considerable extent the views of your board. There are, however, many details of the Bill—some of them of even critical importance—which will need watchful consideration and careful amendment during the progress of the Bill through Parliament. In regard to such amendments the companies have reserved to themselves full liberty of action, and if during the proceedings difficulty should arise upon any question of substantial importance, which, in the opinion of your board, makes it desirable for the proprietors to be consulted, a meeting will be called for the purpose." To-night and to-morrow the Bill is to be discussed in the House of Commons, and it will be possible next week to see a little more clearly as to the railway future. For the moment, Home Rails are firm in price, but idle as regards the volume of business passing.

SOME BIG COMPANY RESULTS.

Two leading shipping companies' reports are to hand. The Royal Mail, which has reduced its dividend from 8 to 7 per cent. in order to place £260,000 to reserve, records a fall of £30,000 in net profits, which reached £704,000. Profits of the White Star Line dropped by over £370,000 in 1920 to £1,372,000. The ordinary dividend is reduced from 20 per cent. to 15 per cent., but the distribution absorbs the same sum as a year ago, as capital has been increased by the capitalization of reserves. The directors see no indication of immediate improvement in the freight slump, and are anxious about the effect of U.S. legislation upon the North Atlantic passenger traffic. Nobel Industries—formerly called Explosives Trades Ltd.—have passed their ordinary dividend, this policy being adopted, in spite of the fact that good profits have been earned, in order to conserve resources in view of the coal stoppage and the industrial depression. In view of present uncertainties, this policy is likely to be followed by other big industrial companies. The report of British Oil and Cake Mills, about which some forebodings had been current in the market, is better than was expected in view of the announcement of the reduction of the dividend from 25 per cent. to 15 per cent. The balance-sheet shows a position which should reassure shareholders.

L. J. R.



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THE ATHENÆUM

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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1921.



CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By		FROM THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE	353
H. J. M.	325	A HUNDRED YEARS AGO:—	
SHORT STUDIES:—		1821: Controversies	353
Elisabeth. By E. Ayrton		SCIENCE:—	
Zangwill	326	Giants and Dwarfs. By S. ...	334
REVIEWS:—		MUSIC:—	
The Puritan Settlement in		Manuel de Falla. By	
Ireland. By A. B.	327	Edward J. Dent	335
A Matter of Form. By J.		THE DRAMA:—	
Middleton Murry	328	Shaw — Schopenhauer. By	
The Gospel according to		D. L. M.	336
Mark	329	EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK.	
The Crisis of the War	330	By R. H. W.	332
The Hugoist	331	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS ...	340
Science and Arts	331	THE WEEK'S BOOKS	340
FOREIGN LITERATURE:—		INSURANCE RESULTS AND	
Professor Foerster on Ger-		PROSPECTS	342
many and the War	332		
BOOKS IN BRIEF	332		

The World of Books.

A VOLUME called "The Book of Sussex Verse" (1914) was reprinted not very long ago, and, having recently paid my devoirs to the glorious, if thrice conquered Titan woman—first in 1066, then by the terrific squadrons of Crape, Oil, Whisky, and Sundries, and lastly by Mr. Belloc—I browsed over the book with warm feelings. The worst of it is that, like most paradises, Sussex is guarded at the gates by angels in shining armor, the one on the left named Possession and the other on the right (grasping a tankard of foaming ale in the unsworded hand) named Religion, and in their overpoweringly robust lineaments it is possible to trace the features of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Belloc. So it is in "The Book of Sussex Verse," and as we approach, the right-hand angel begins to throb, and out peel the thewed and sinewed words:—

"And the men who were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me." (Thump.)

* * *

MR. BELLOC believes in One Man One County, and with Rother and Arun in spate with the True Brown Liquor to welcome the Third Conquest, he proceeded to colonize subjugated Sussex, and you may take it that with the publication of "Lillygay," from the Vine Press at Steyning, the Beer and Beef School has been well planted in an ancient soil that has seen too many vicissitudes to be surprised. It is ourselves who are surprised, for why did the Third Advent deify Beer, when the Second had already installed Whisky in place of the traditional Spirit of West Lavington House, which has now retired outside the railings (painted in black and white) into the minute churchyard where the Wilberforces sleep, all unconscious of the newcomer who now has it all its own fiery way in the old manor? Before this spirituous potency even Beer falls rather flat, and even Mr. Belloc, pounding the jolly highway, shouting the songs of Sussex the while, seems to fade and blend into the distant blues of the horizon, like the ships Dr. Bridges saw from the ridge of the Downs:—

"And all so small and slow,
They seem to be wearily pointing the way they would go."

* * *

FOR it is not the right-hand angel at the gates but the left who has Sussex spitted like a trussed quail on

the point of his flaming sword; it is not the romping, rampagious, free-hearted, market-woman Titan with a breviary, a rucksack, and a barrel of beer slung over the shoulders, who embodies the spirit of Sussex, but the weary Titan of Matthew Arnold's poem, bowed under the weight of Possession. Sussex is Kiplingized, and the compiler of "The Book of Sussex Verse" wrought wiser than he knew when he placed "God gave all men all earth to love" as the first poem in the book—whatever the love, there is no doubt about the giving. God gave Sussex to Crape, Oil, Whisky, and Sundries, and even Downland, the proud and most comely head of what was once Maid Marian, has been to a hairdresser's and is becoming quite presentable. The moral of it all is that if we would really hear the subdued voice of Sussex, both the poetic and natural voice, we must get to her through a backdoor; when those two mighty angels are looking the other way. Personally, I prefer the wicket of Mr. Hudson's "Nature in Downland," an enchanting book vastly superior to practically the whole of the poems in "The Book of Sussex Verse"—except Francis Thompson's "Daisy," and perhaps one or two others:—

"She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone
'And partings yet to be."

"She" of "the sadness in the sweet, the sweetness in the sad," is the authentic Sussex, and knowing her, even in her bondage containing all, we know all we need to know.

* * *

HAY, Hayley (savaged by Byron in "English Bards"), Crocket, Hurdis (over whose grave of reputation Mr. Hudson lingers like a soft breeze), Charlotte Smith, William Stewart Rose (though I do not find his charming poem about Coleridge walking Brighton beach—"while rolling waves have hummed a lowly base To his rapt talk"), Howell, Bowles, Campbell (whose "In the deep blue of Eve" is a great metrical find), Charles Goring (who planted Chanctonbury Ring in 1760), and others of that faded, sententious manner of nature in ponderous verse—one may drop in upon their cottages of poetry which have become tombs with an elegiac pleasure. It will be the memories rather than the verses which move us, and we shall read Hayley with an eye on Blake, who met Moses and Dante when staying with him at Felpham—"gray, luminous, majestic, colossal shadows," like the black oxen which Mrs. Marriott Watson commemorates in the best modern poem about Sussex. So Mr. Yeats in "The Countess Cathleen":—

"Tell them that walk upon the floor of peace
That I would die and go to her I love;
The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet."

It is sombre, but suits Sussex as well as Ireland in thrall better than Mr. Belloc's high jinks.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

ELISABETH.

"THEY call me Madame la baronne," said the white-faced Austrian waif, who had arrived at the hotel that day, in answer to the inquiry of "What's your name?" fired at her in faulty French by a sturdy British six-year-old.

"That's a silly name!" The small boy, who was hugging a big Teddy bear, straddled his brown-gaitered legs still further apart. "People can't be *madames* when they aren't *mamans* and grown up, and I never heard of a girl called baronne."

"It is what I am!" There was a note of anger in the little girl's shrill voice, and a curious look of arrogance on her pinched face. How could a family such as this, one wondered, accept for a child in *forma pauperis* the pitying hospitality of a casual Swiss hotel-keeper? "All our people call me so—Madame la baronne," the little girl continued impressively. Then her face relapsed into its usual expression of dull impassivity. She drifted across the room and sat down on one of the stiff, yellow-brocaded chairs that formed the *salon suite*. When one saw her broomstick legs in their loose, patched, cotton stockings, one did not wonder at her sitting; one only wondered that she ever stood. "Oh, I am tired," she murmured.

The small boy looked concerned. "Are you ill?" he asked. "After I had measles I was tired, too. It is horrid being tired." Then he caught sight of her legs. Surprise dispelled all recollection of the nursery law proclaiming the heinousness of personal remarks. "I say, aren't you thin?" His voice rose in a crescendo of astonishment. "I don't believe you are any fatter than Teddy! What makes you so thin?" he inquired curiously.

"It is because for so long, for years, I think, we have had but little to eat. All my clothes grew too big for me."

The chubby six-year-old stared with an expression of horror in his blue eyes. Then, without speaking, he turned and rushed into the adjoining *salle-à-manger*. He snatched up a plate of cut bread and butter, and, after a moment's hesitation, added the one little pink cake, cream-filled, that formed his Sunday treat. Then he clumped back again tumultuously. "Eat, eat," he cried, and thrust the plate into the Austrian child's hand.

Madame la baronne looked at it indifferently. "I am not hungry," she said. She must have noticed the bewildered disappointment on her companion's face. "It was only when it first began that I was hungry," she explained. "Then I used to cry; I was so young. Now I never have much desire to eat. But you are a kind little boy," she added patronizingly from her vantage point of two years' seniority.

"You can't help being hungry in this hotel when you see all the nice things," the small boy urged. But his tone was doubtful. If a pink cake with cream in it could be refused, was there anything that would tempt? "We have real butter here, as much as we want, and lovely little rolls." Hope was springing afresh. "I do *hate* margarine, don't you?"

"What is margarine?" asked the little baronne carelessly.

"It's what the war turned all the butter into." The explanation was authoritative. "And it's horrid. So I had to have jam at home instead. Or porridge. Or bacon and fish and things like that, that you don't want butter with so much." His companion did not seem to be paying much attention. She had rested her head on her hand in a curiously unchildish attitude. "Would you like to play with my Teddy?" the little boy suggested presently, and placed the bear on the baronne's lap. "He is quite good with strangers. He

isn't really alive"; the whisper came confidentially. "But you mustn't tell him so. It hurts his feelings."

"He is a magnificent bear." A faint smile dawned on Madame la baronne's face, and she dandled the animal on her knee. As she did so, the bear gazed upwards with that queer, almost sentient expression in his button eyes which caused the little boy's friends to wonder if faith had worked a miracle, and the bear, like a second Galatea, were becoming endowed with life. "See how he is looking at me!" exclaimed the baronne. "Oh, I wish he could meet my Elisabeth."

"Is Elisabeth your child?" The little boy's tone was grave and interested.

It was a happy question. Maternal pride served finally to dispel the baronne's apathy. "Yes, she has eyes that shut and real eye-lashes, and hair the most beautiful in all the world. She is big, so big, nearly as big as you—." This was a subtle description, for the little boy overtopped Madame la baronne by a full head. "But when the war came, Maman gave away all Elisabeth's clothes; a doll wouldn't feel the cold, Maman said. But the worst was that I could not bring her with me to Switzerland; she could not travel naked, you know. And here I could have given her everything she wants. I could have given her proper food."

The recipient of the confidences was clearly disturbed. Certainly no knight of old could have gazed at a damsel in distress with a more compassionate tenderness. "Don't cry," he pleaded. "Elisabeth is with her relations, isn't she? They will be sure and give her proper food."

"But they can't, they can't." Madame la baronne rocked to and fro in her misery. "There is no proper food in my country. There is only bread that tastes like little bits of wood and gives one a pain here afterwards. Elisabeth will not eat it. She will starve."

The little boy looked almost as woebegone as the Baronesse. "Don't, don't," he urged again, as the sobs continued increasingly. He was evidently searching for words in which to comfort her. "You shall be Teddy's mother," he burst out at last.

Perhaps Madame la baronne did not understand. After all, she and the little boy were only meeting on the common ground of a language foreign to both of them. Or perhaps once that she had started to cry, she could not stop. A child who has forgotten how to be hungry may well forget how to be happy. "Elisabeth will starve," she wailed afresh.

But then came an inspiration on the little boy's part. "Can't you send food by post to Elisabeth?" he suggested. "Can't you send her my pink cake?"

It was only after the pink cake had been packed—indeed packed several times over, turning grey rather than pink in the process—that the little boy reverted to Madame la baronne's earlier remark. "Why isn't there any food in your country for Elisabeth?"

Madame la baronne was laboriously tying up the small parcel with a very long and a very stout piece of twine. "It is because of the blockade," she explained carelessly. "At least the blockade is over, but it has made us too poor, Maman says." A vindictive look came into her little fallow face. "It is all the fault of the wicked English. I hate the English."

"The English are not wicked," shouted the boy. "You are wicked yourself to say so! The English are the nicest people in the world! I am English."

Indeed, Madame la baronne was more than astonished; she appeared stupefied. "You English?" she gasped. "But you are quite a nice little boy!" Then she held the bear at arm's length. "Is he English, too?" she demanded tragically.

"Yes, he is English, and I am English, and we are not wicked." The small boy stood still, a chubby figure in a white jersey and corduroy knickers. "We are not wicked," he persisted tremulously. "You have made a mistake. English people would never do such a thing. English people would never starve Elisabeth."

E. AYRTON ZANGWILL.

Reviews.

THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT IN IRELAND.

The Puritans in Ireland (1647-1661). By the Rev. ST. JOHN D. SEYMOUR, B.D. Oxford Historical and Literary Studies, XII. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 14s. net.)

"I have often observed with wonder that we should know less of Ireland than of any country in Europe."

THIS is only one of the many interesting observations to be found scattered up and down the delightful writings of the celebrated Sir William Temple, and it is one quoted with approval by Dr. Johnson.

This lamentable, though, we think, explicable ignorance continues down to the present disastrous day, both in the House of Commons and elsewhere, notwithstanding the fact that two such popular English authors as Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky have composed—the former in words of flame and in a spirit of the most fiery Protestantism, the latter with a Gallo-like indifference to all the Churches, whether free or in bondage—long and interesting histories of the English in Ireland.

Irish books, Irish novels, Irish poetry (happily we may, thanks to the Abbey Theatre, Lady Gregory, and Mr. Yeats, except Irish plays) have usually found but a slow market on our side of the Channel. Though Sir Walter Scott was inspired by the example of Maria Edgeworth to start his great manufactory of the Scotch novels, it must be admitted that by the side of "Waverley," "Rob Roy," and the "Heart of Midlothian," "Castle Rackrent" and "Patronage" are but "lean kine"; whilst Trollope's admirable Irish novels, true pictures though they are of Irish society, were failures from the first. The truth is that to read the history of Ireland, either in fact or fiction, can never give Englishmen either pride or pleasure, for it is one long record of failure and falsehood, and we English worship success and love fair play. It is, perhaps, also true that Englishmen do not take much interest even in their own history. Successful, and consequently self-satisfied, people are not much given to "battles long ago." It is the unhappy, the unfortunate, the *miserables* who are found weeping over their past. Our English mishaps have hitherto been comparatively so few in number, whilst all the time we have been running so riotously over the globe, not as exiles, sad at heart and nursing wrongs, but as colonists or conquerors, that we find it easy to forget or blur over our misfortunes; but if your history is one long misfortune you dwell on every chapter and number each scar.

In 1886 the writer of these lines was seeking the Irish vote in the Widnes Division of Lancashire, and found himself one evening addressing a huge and excited crowd of the sons of Erin, and being, in those days, fresh from his books, and as innocent as a daisy ("Ah, for the change betwixt now and then!"), he chanced to make, in one breath, a reference to the names of Cromwell and Pitt; and then—for the first time he heard with his own ears, and saw with his own eyes, how history can make men hate!

For reasons already suggested Englishmen are not good haters. We have actually already forgiven Norman William for his horrible brutalities in the New Forest! The fires of Smithfield have long burnt low, for we are now quite content to set off Queen Elizabeth's "scaffolds for Catholics" against her sister's "stakes for Protestants"! As for the Corsican Ogre of our terrified grandparents, he is already half-consecrate, and all our detestation is reserved for poor, stupid Sir Hudson Lowe! It will soon be time to forgive the Kaiser, whilst as for the hated "Hun," did not the Lord Chancellor the other day, whilst addressing the Primrose League, devote a considerable portion of his speech to praising the virtues of the patient German at the expense of our own working class?

Cromwell and Pitt to most of us are but names on a blackboard, but to an Irish audience in Lancashire and to millions of the Irish race, whether living under the starry influences of the "Plough" or the "Southern Cross," they

are horrid sounds, stirring ugly passions. To the "plain Englishman," immersed in his own affairs, which grow more complicated every decade, Ireland never emerges above the horizon, save at intervals and in circumstances of horror. The Catholic Rebellion of 1641, the Whiteboys in 1761, the Peep-o'-Day Boys in 1783, Orangemen and Ribbonmen, the Rebellion of 1798, the Land League, the explosion in Dublin of 1916, and the Sinn Féin revolt of to-day have all in their turn excited the fury of the English people, but to the hidden causes of this unceasing disquietude not all the efforts of patient investigators and historians have succeeded in drawing the attention they surely deserve. Each time trouble has arisen in Ireland Englishmen in the mass have treated it as a quite fresh event, to be accounted for either by the folly, laxity, or stupidity of the English Chief Secretary for Ireland, or by that double dose of original sin with which the Irish have always been debited by their Christian neighbors.

And now in the midst of all this long-continued confusion and ignorance there appears this calm, studious, and scholarly little book, which narrates with an even pen, and a wealth of detail, the attempt (of course, a complete failure) made by the Puritan Parliament in England, after the horrors and massacres of the Catholic Rebellion of 1641, to establish between three and four hundred godly "Ministers of the Gospel," with salaries on a modest scale, ready and willing to preach Puritan sermons in Irish towns (for the country districts were out of the question), and to do what they could to lay hands on deserted children whose parents were being driven to "Hell or Connacht," and bring them up in the fear and admonition of Jehovah.

For the administration of this Puritanical Settlement—so Mr. Seymour tells us—

"Ireland was divided into fifteen Revenue Precincts—Dublin, Trim (Drogheda), Athy, Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, Clonmel, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Athlone, Galway, Belurbet, Belfast, and Derry. Each of these Precincts had its officials, amongst whom were the 'Ministers of the Gospel.' All such ecclesiastical denominations as dioceses, rural deaneries, and parishes were ignored, and the preachers were at first located in towns, as no doubt it would not have been safe for them to have resided in the open country, but as affairs grew more settled they were to be found in rural districts."—(P. 40.)

The whole scheme was of necessity on a ridiculously small scale, very different from the gigantic proportions of the Cromwellian Land Settlement. But how could it be otherwise than small in a Catholic country? What was the situation? The Rebellion of 1641 was, in the opinion of the dominant party in England, a movement intended and designed to extirpate Protestantism in Ireland. Mr. Lecky, indeed, opines that the *causa causans* of the Rebellion was not religion but land, and that the rebels were mainly anxious to recover the holdings from which their predecessors had been barbarously evicted; but Mr. Lecky was not alive in 1641, and no good Puritan at that time had any doubts on the subject or as to the best, and indeed the only, way to deal with it. The Catholic Faith, with its priests and masses, must be driven out of Ireland once for all, and the whole island made a fit place for Protestant heroes to live in. Parliament solemnly decreed that extirpation, and invited voluntary subscriptions to raise land and sea forces to accomplish it. Oliver himself subscribed £600, and one of his female servants £200. Many M.P.s gave £1,000, the City of London £10,000, and there were shilling subscriptions. In all £336,000 was subscribed for this purpose. (See "History of Ireland," by the Rev. E. A. D'Alton; Vol. II., pp. 341-3.)

There was, therefore, no question of converting the Catholics by the ministrations of these imported Puritan divines, for the Catholic religion was to be extirpated and its priests sent to the Barbadoes to work as slaves. It was only a question of providing for the spiritual necessities of the minority of Protestants. Mr. Seymour calculates that after the Rebellion, during which the Protestant Episcopalian clergy had suffered heavily, there were not more than ninety ministers of this persuasion left in Ireland. Of course, this suffering remnant

could not be allowed to continue to use the Book of Common Prayer or to employ the sign of the Cross in baptism, but if they were willing to forswear these practices and to read the "Directory of Public Worship" they were taken on as "Ministers of the Gospel." A few of them consented to do this, and some scores of preachers of sterner mould were imported into Ireland, including two of the well-known family of "Increase" Mather from New England.

Mr. Seymour traces the fortunes and misfortunes of these immigrants with amazing patience, for their history is more tiresome than exciting. For some time Oliver's son, Henry Cromwell, as Lord Deputy, was much concerned with the details of this administration. Henry Cromwell was, as it is easy to see, a tolerant man, and though he brought an "Independent" chaplain over with him to the Castle we cannot but suspect that he was about as much of an "Independent" as was the late Arnold Morley, a former Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, and for the same reason, namely, that his father was one before him. Henry Cromwell's troubles were not so much with the Roman Catholics—for they did not count, being outside the pale of toleration—as with the Baptists, the Muggletonians, and the Quakers, who would not consent to worship God in the same room with "Independents." These strifes and dissensions appeared to the Lord Deputy supremely ridiculous, but, except with the Quakers, he kept his temper pretty well.

Then there were the Scotch Presbyterians in Ulster, or to employ the language of the sublime author of "Paradise Lost," who hated a Presbyterian almost, if not quite, as much as he did a priest, "the unchristian synagogue of Belfast." These Ulster Presbyterians thought highly of themselves, and were loyal to the Stuart cause, looking forward to a day when, under the auspices of a restored monarchy, they would be established and endowed as the "National" Church of Ireland, so that altogether it was an ungrateful task for a kind-hearted, worldly-minded, and untheological Lord Deputy. We marvel at Mr. Seymour's patience, for, of course, he knew all the time he was at work that the history he was composing was soon to be wiped out and leave hardly a memory of its ever having, in Charles Reade's phrase, "gone through the formality of taking place."

Oliver died on the fateful 3rd of September, Charles II. was recalled, the Presbyterians were snubbed, and the old order of the Elizabethan Church again set in motion. The Protestant bishops (who survived) came back to their sees; the Protestant rectors (who survived) came running over from England to recover possession of their old homes and glebes and tithes; and the Puritan Settlement disappeared with such completeness that, as Mr. Seymour says in his first paragraph, it passed away "almost unnoticed," and has so remained ever since until this book. But Mr. Seymour's little history, despite the fact that it deals with a minority of a minority, and leaves, necessarily, out of consideration the religion of the people of Ireland, is a very interesting and honest piece of work, and to those of us who love detail of all kinds and wherever we can find it is a welcome addition to our Irish library.

A. B.

A MATTER OF FORM.

Thus to Revisit. By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. (Chapman & Hall. 16s. net.)

Poetry in Prose. Three Essays By T. S. ELIOT, RICHARD ALDINGTON, and FREDERIC MANNING. (Poetry Bookshop. 1s. 6d. net.)

PROBABLY there are general conclusions to be drawn from the fact that the discussion of questions of literary form is becoming more frequent than it has been for twenty years. If there are, I do not know how to draw them. I merely register the hope that it does not mean that the young writers of to-day will appear twenty-five years hence to have been as ineffectual as their predecessors of the 'nineties. Then the form of the *conte* was continually discussed; the only short stories of that period which remain to-day were written by Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells—for I reckon Henry James

as before and Mr. Conrad as after the time—that is, by writers who held aloof from the discussion.

To-day the problem is different. If we are to take Mr. Hueffer's word for it, our modern preoccupation is with the form of poetry. Unfortunately, Mr. Hueffer is ever so little belated, in spite of his intense and resolute modernity. He imagines that the problem is solved by the invention, or the revival, of *vers libre*. Hardly has he written the final word of his apology *pro vitâ suâ*, which seems to have been one long immolation of himself upon the altar of free verse, than there comes a symposium on the merits and desirability of the prose poem. In this symposium—alas for poor Mr. Hueffer!—one of his own chosen young men, one of the writers of free verse upon whom he has been focussing an intense ray of artificial light, suddenly turns, and asks: "May not poetry in prose prove an escape from the sterility and intellectual impoverishment of modern verse and the vulgarization of prose?" *Quousque tandem*. Poor Mr. Hueffer!

Mr. Richard Aldington, who asks the unkind question, is a very able young man, who steadily improves as a critic, and perhaps as a poet also, though his question would suggest that he finds himself in a poetical *impasse*. Probably that assumption best explains the nature of his argument to prove the existence and the desirability of the prose poem. For this is, in the main, decidedly disingenuous.

"These considerations lead to the conclusion that actually there is poetry where there is creation, where there is style. If 'poet' be the proudest title a writer can justly claim—and it is—how can we be content with an æsthetic which grants the title to Mr. Kipling and Sir William Watson, and denies it to Mr. Conrad and James?"

Mr. Aldington is merely saying that there is creative literature in verse form and in prose form. If he chooses to call creative literature in either kind poetry, he may: but it is confusing, and it has very little to do with the question of the existence of the prose poem. All creative literature in prose becomes prose poetry: "Nicholas Nickleby," "War and Peace," "The Cherry Orchard." Whereas the word had a sort of meaning before, it now becomes vast and empty.

Probably the reason is that Mr. Aldington wishes to write prose, yet not to relinquish his title to be called a poet. I cannot see that the title matters, for there are enough intelligent people about to know that a good prose writer is at least as rare as a good poet, and perhaps, at the present juncture of our social fortunes, more immediately valuable. If, on the other hand, he is seriously contending that the prose poem exists as a separate kind, his argument helps him not at all.

That there are such things as short pieces of "poetic prose," complete in themselves, is undeniable. The questions to be settled are, first, what we mean when we say that a given piece of prose is "poetic"; and, second, whether writing of this kind is particularly desirable at the present time: whether, to use Mr. Aldington's words, it does, in fact, offer "an escape from the sterility and intellectual impoverishment of modern verse and the vulgarization of prose." And even the first of these questions is double-barrelled. I do not know how it may be with other people, but I have an invincible suspicion of poetic prose. The anthologies are always full of it, and I am sick of anthologies. To call a piece of prose "poetic" is to my mind derogatory. And though I perfectly well understand what is meant when the "Areopagitica" is called a masterpiece of poetic prose, I am by no means convinced it is very good prose. It is a speech advocating the liberty of the printing press: yet the last thing it ever makes one think about is freedom of speech and writing. As far as the argument is concerned, I feel like a shy and commonplace man who has been dragged on to the opera stage, and is being addressed in *recitatif* by a tenor of genius. If I can creep back into the pit I can admire the magnificent rhythms and phrasing: I will weep over their beauty. But I am not in the least convinced by what Milton is saying.

We call the "Areopagitica" poetic because of its sheer sonority and exquisite cadences. They are so masterly that not only we do not, but we positively cannot, attend to the content. It is not really very different in this respect from

"Paradise Lost." Neither the one nor the other is, in fact, poetry or prose of the highest kind, though we may allow that each is the highest in its own kind, whatever kind that may be. If there are prose poems, the "Areopagitica" is the biggest, the most complex, the most assured of them all. But when we come nearer to our own day and read the prose poems of Baudelaire, we find that very few of them belong, even approximately, to the same kind as the "Areopagitica." Many of them are short stories, many others are *choses vues*, little glimpses of life—these are in a considerable majority, and they are written in an exact and precise prose, of great rhythmical subtlety, but no particular sonority. Nothing interferes with our concentration upon the content; we are not tempted to "mouth" them in silence to ourselves. They are, in short, good prose.

Now there may be sound reasons why we should apply ourselves at the present moment to the rendering of *choses vues*, isolated perceptions and emotions, in prose. If we do, they will be written in good prose or bad. But I see no reason why we should invoke the name of "prose poem" to cover their nakedness. And on the previous question, there is undoubtedly the danger of being drawn into writing scraps. When I was a good deal younger than I am now I published a "prose poem" (though I eschewed the name) in an "advanced" magazine, and I waited, as we all did in those days, to see what Jacob Tonson would say about it in the "New Age." He spoke. He said: "Any fool can write a scrap." I have since learned that the dictum is not wholly true. But it was the one piece of literary advice which has made a profound impression upon me. When I think back upon it, I realize how lamentable it is that there is no one nowadays to say to us and our younger successors the brutal and generous things that Mr. Bennett launched at our heads ten years ago.

If the "prose poem" comes into vogue it will mean a pullulation of scraps. There are enough of them already. They have been cultivated as in a hotbed by that very fashion of *vers libre* which Mr. Hueffer has devoted himself to encouraging. Here, in so many words, is the seed of it all:—

"The trouble with nearly all poets was nearly always that, at any rate, the moment they took pen in hand, they were totally unable to forget that they were professionals, if I may so put it. For myself, I simply tried to get at myself in an absolutely 'unpoetic' frame of mind; I have always tried to get at that; I hope so to continue. If I have any value to the world it is simply the value of my unaffected self—and I daresay that any man's value in the world is simply that. For no man's views are worth very much; the facts that any man can collect during his short pilgrimage through life are ludicrously or pitifully few, and the only empire over which we can for certain reign, or for which we can assuredly speak, is the heart of man. And one's own heart is the heart one knows best!"

Gott in Himmel! was für eine Poetik! Mr. Hueffer's mind is always in carpet-slippers, and sliding over a parquet floor. He is apparently quite unaware of the immense equivocation in the words "unpoetic" and "professional." A writer, when he sits down to write, *must* be a professional: otherwise he is a jellyfish. To be a professional does not mean to have one's mind full of emotional and verbal *dichés*; it means to have one's mind alert, to be determined to construct, to create a vehicle for the individual emotion or perception that is within. "Away with it all!" moans Mr. Hueffer, waving his hands—the same Mr. Hueffer who has been telling us for pages and pages that he was the only one (with one or two minor associates, like Mr. Conrad) to worry himself with problems of literary technique during the twenty-five years that separate us from the 'nineties! But he is gone and never shall return. Not art now, but heart! And Mr. Hueffer unbuttons his heart (which has a bad memory for dates) in two hundred pages of shocking garrulity, which culminate in this advice to the poet:—

"The poet then must seek to reproduce his actual vocabulary, his own characteristic turns of phrase, the exact cadence of his own usual sentences. The result will be himself."

I suppose that "Thus to Revisit" is Mr. Hueffer himself; perhaps it is also a poem in *vers libre*. I can see no reason why it should not be. It satisfies the definition. It is full of heart, also.

No, no, no! I am aware that in Mr. Hueffer's eyes I am the type of the young Academic critic, a viper nurtured

in the breast of true Literature. But I think that the younger generation would be a great deal safer on my side than on his. Moreover, I wonder whether all those young men whom Mr. Hueffer so generously takes under his umbrageous wing are really there. Mr. Hueffer had better peep under and count his chickens. Perhaps they are only china eggs.

For not only is his poetic a wrong and misleading poetic, based upon an elementary confusion of thought; but it is also—unless I am utterly mistaken—a poetic that would be renounced by every single one of the poets whom he affects to champion. I do not profess to be in the counsels of Mr. Ezra Pound or Mr. T. S. Eliot, of "H. D." or Mr. Aldington. But I can judge their theories from their poetry and their criticism. However good or bad they may be as poets, they are at least intelligent, and they know that poetry is something more than a matter of heart, and something quite different from the reproduction of their own tricks of familiar speech and the exact cadence of their own conversation. Let me quote Mr. Aldington:—

"A piece of writing is not poetry if it has not the word which creates an image, the unexpected and precise phrase rendering objects palpable to the senses, the art which creates in the reader emotions, perceptions, sensations similar to those of the writer."

That is not the whole truth; but it is true, and well and concisely put. And Mr. Aldington is one of the chief of Mr. Hueffer's chickens! Poor Mr. Hueffer!

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARX.

The Life and Teaching of Karl Marx. By M. BEER. (Parsons. 6s. net.)

EVERYONE who has ever lectured or spoken to an audience containing representatives of Labor or the Left knows that, whatever be his subject or his views, one incident is certain to happen during the evening. At the end of his lecture or speech an earnest and intense figure will rise up in the audience and a stern, solemn voice will put the question: "Does not the speaker think that there can be no peace in Europe—or that it is useless to try to control the drink traffic or stop reprisals in Ireland or reform the theatre—until Capitalism has been destroyed?" Later in the evening the same figure will probably rise again, and for a quarter of an hour everyone will be overwhelmed with a torrent of words about Capitalism and surplus value and expropriating the expropriators and the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is the Gospel according to St. Marx, the strangest gospel that has ever muddled the mind of man. Most people either do not see or refuse to acknowledge the significance of Marxism. It is barely fifty years since the first volume of "Das Kapital" was published, yet already the influence of the doctrine of Marx upon society can be compared only with that of Christ or Muhammad. During the last half-century we have been witnessing the birth of a new religion; the truth is obscured by the fact that the content of this new gospel is not metaphysics or morals, but politics or economics. The Marxian who heckles the lecturer imagines that he is a scientific atheist because he does not talk about the pleasures of heaven and the pains of hell, but about rent and profit. That is a complete delusion. Socialism of the Labor movement, and of the market-place and crowd, just like the anti-Socialism of the Capitalist and his Press, has all the signs and marks of religion: belief impervious to reason, the sacred writings, the ritual and dogma, and now the persecutions and the counter-persecutions.

A remarkable example of this may be drawn from Mr. Beer's little book. He quotes Marx's address to the League of Communists in 1850, in which he lays down in some detail the course which a revolution should follow. It is almost a literal account, down to the minutest detail, of the tactics which the Russian Bolsheviks pursued in making their revolution. The Jews never translated Jahveh's edicts about the conquest of Canaan, the Arabs never translated Muhammad's instructions into political conquest more liter-

ally and religiously than the Russian Communist Party performed the tactical ritual of Marx. But there is another and still more remarkable fact which Mr. Beer's excellent little book brings home to one. The extraordinary way in which the human mind, and particularly the mass mind, works has never been more clearly shown than by this fact that Marx has founded a religion and that its bible is "Das Kapital." Anyone can see how and why the doctrines of Christ or Muhammad went home to the mass mind. They are expressed simply and directly in the language of the people, and they are of the stuff and fabric of faith and religion. And one can, of course, see the appeal in the broad doctrine of Socialism. What is so astonishing is that it should be the Socialist doctrine, not according to Owen or Proudhon or Lassalle, but according to Marx, which has been accepted as a faith. "Das Kapital" is one of the most difficult books to read, let alone to understand, that have ever been written. The difficulty of understanding it can be seen by examining almost any criticism of it by an anti-Socialist or explanation of it by a Socialist. And this, by the way, is the great merit of Mr. Beer's book, that he does understand Marx and has succeeded in conveying his meaning accurately and concisely to the ordinary reader. We know of no book of a similar size which can be as safely recommended to anyone who wants to know what Marx's doctrine is and who does not feel capable of digging it for himself out of "Das Kapital." At any rate, he will see at once from Mr. Beer's analysis that if Marx's followers are fanatics and have converted his doctrine into a religion, the doctrine itself is neither fanatical nor religious. Marx is a historian, logician, scientist, philosopher, not a prophet or a partisan. Even the Communist Manifesto is rather a reasoned argument than a declaration of faith. The strange thing is that its author should have become the founder of the fanatical religion of Marxianism.

THE CRISIS OF THE WAR.

The Victory at Sea. By Rear-Admiral W. S. SIMS, U.S.N., in collaboration with BURTON J. HENDRICK. (Murray. 21s. net.)

The Crisis of the Naval War. By Admiral of the Fleet Viscount JELlicoe OF SCAFA. (Cassell. 31s. 6d. net.)

WHEN "Mr. S. W. Davidson" embarked on the "New York" as a civilian, in March, 1917, his commission was to study the naval situation and decide upon the best way in which the United States, even not then at war with Germany, might assist. He set out, disguised, upon his voyage with no thought of the discovery that awaited him in London. At that moment the British public, one might even say the public everywhere, had no conception of the true bearing of the war problem. The Germans had begun the unrestricted submarine campaign; but, according to the Admiralty reports, this new element in the situation was a brutal, uncomfortable, even disturbing, but certainly not a critical factor. The Allies had just compelled the enemy to retreat over a great front in France. (THE NATION, which alone set this episode in its true light, paid the penalty for its temerity.) Jutland, despite some British critics, had put out of the question any further German challenge to the British Fleet, and Admiral Sims tells us that this was the opinion of most American naval officers. This reassuring picture, compounded of fact and fiction, was almost universally accepted outside Germany as fundamentally true, if not absolutely accurate in detail. Indeed, if doubt was cast upon anything it was on the most dependable item of the whole synthesis—*viz.*, that surface naval warfare had ceased.

In a few moments' conversation with Admiral Jellicoe, Rear-Admiral Sims learned that the popular complacency was wholly misplaced, that we were on the verge of defeat; and his book, which reveals the true state of things in those vital months, has something of the morbid fascination of a post-mortem examination. "It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," Rear-Admiral Sims remarked. "They will win, unless we can stop these losses—and stop

them soon," replied Jellicoe. "Is there no solution for the problem?" Admiral Sims asked. "Absolutely none that we can see now," Jellicoe answered. This sums up the situation as it confronted Admiral Sims on that April morning. Nivelle's grandiose offensive had just failed, more disastrously than anyone at the time dare say; and the Allied Admiralties were coping grimly, but almost despairingly, with the submarine campaign. There was in England at that time only sufficient grain to last three weeks. The losses had risen from over half a million tons in February to nearly 900,000 tons in April. By the middle of June Admiral Sims was reporting to his superiors that even fuel oil was failing, and that orders had been given to "use three-fifths speed, except in case of emergency," and he asked for measures of co-operation to be "put into operation immediately—that is, within a month."

By this time the military situation had changed in the Allied favor. The terrible Aisne battles were beginning to be forgotten. Pétain was nursing back the French Army into its old efficiency. Haig was winning clean-cut victories in Flanders. But these factors which engrossed the popular attention did not modify the justice of Admiral Sims's conclusion that the situation was absolutely critical and called for instant remedies. Admiral Jellicoe discusses the problem less interestingly and more technically; but both Admirals make it clear that the moment was the crisis of the war. Critics who find Jellicoe at fault in the Jutland battle, also find abundant matter for blame in the evil state upon which the Navy had fallen. The convoy system, which Admiral Sims at once suggested, ought to have been put into use long before. Admiral Sims does not represent this as a fault in Jellicoe, for whom his admiration is unconcealed. The practice of convoy requires careful seamanship on the part of the merchant vessels, and the consensus of merchant captains was that ordinary navigating officers—the best had been taken from the service—could not be trusted to keep station, to zigzag in unison, to steam in orderly formation at night without lights, or in a fog. Admiral Sims confirms this statement from his own investigation. Yet the need was critical, and we find that Jellicoe ordered a careful study to be made of the convoy system, despite the apparently insuperable objections to it. The report was made on April 30th; an experimental trial was completed by May 20th, and on the following day the convoy system was adopted. Jellicoe had not been six months at the Admiralty, and the unrestricted submarine campaign had been in operation only three months. It was some three or four months before the system was operating smoothly and completely; and "in March, 1918, it became apparent that the German submarine campaign had failed."

This statement by Admiral Sims is taken by many to be synonymous with the conclusion of some students that "the convoy system was the only answer to the submarine campaign," with the implication that it *was* an answer. From statistics quoted by Admiral Sims we discover that the anti-submarine measures did not restrict the losses to much less than 300,000 tons until the month of September, 1918; and if we say, roughly, that they reduced the losses by some 50 per cent. we are not far from the truth. But this only means that the Allies succeeded in restricting the losses to a figure which could not place them in critical difficulties. Furthermore, we find that the convoy system was not the only, if perhaps one of the chief agents in coping with the submarine campaign, and the present controversy about capital ships gives an adventitious importance to the statements of these two eminent naval men. Admiral Jellicoe informs us that 148 submarines were sunk by the Allies in 1917 and 1918. During the whole of the war 185 or 186 were sunk, and Jellicoe gives us the presumed fate of 156. It is of the greatest importance to note that of this number only 34 or 35 were sunk by destroyers. From this one fact we are justified in concluding that the convoy system alone would never have saved us. Even if we assume that these were convoy destroyers, we have still to account for the sinking of 114 submarines in the two critical years. The 100 Allied submarines accounted for 19 or 20; mines sank about 35; and the rest were sunk by towed sweeps, decoys, nets, aerial attack, merchant ships, or the larger naval craft. On a study of these two books, then, we should judge that there is no one expedient that will cope adequately with the submarine

when offensively used, and, of course, it has not yet been used offensively in flotillas.

Admiral Sims and Admiral Jellicoe have both performed an important service. It is inevitable that there should be some suggestion of apology or explanation about Lord Jellicoe's book; but it is a careful, scholarly record of a critical episode, and as a man can, in the final resort, only write himself down, we feel that Jellicoe's place in our naval hierarchy is assured. More racy, human, and interesting is the record of Admiral Sims, with its warm enthusiasms and romantic responsiveness. This is the most fascinating book that has appeared on the submarine campaign.

THE HUGOIST.

Victor Hugo. By MARY DUCLAUX. (Constable. 14s. net.)

THE uncle of Mora Montravers, his regressive mind traversing his uneventful days, and envying in secret the life of his adventuring niece, sighed: "What a time some people do have!" To read the life of Victor Hugo is to be overwhelmed by it, and in the young it is sure to cause a burning impulse to take up the triumphant rôle of authorship. The life of Hugo, indeed, was a procession with banners, whether in his kingdom of Paris or in his exile. It makes ordinary mortals feel tame. Mme. Duclaux, avoiding criticism and concentrating on biography, has fine material for a story, and, arranging her effects with the skill of an artist, has written a book which for dramatic interest leaves the majority of novels hopelessly out of it. The impression she leaves of Hugo is not so much of his greatness as poet, novelist, playwright, and politician, as of his grandeur. There is some cheap metal in the alloy, but the grandeur is indisputable. He is magnificently dramatic, he is even prodigious. It is impossible not to think of him without cynicism; but that cannot be adopted as the final attitude. He was without subtlety, without humor; he was uncritical, jealous; he was a humbug, but he retains a quality of splendor that captivates the imagination. Enemies and friends alike acclaimed his genius, even the biting Heine, who got home with his "Hugo is worse than an egoist, he is a Hugoist." He was still Olympic even when his short stature was gaining too many inches for gracefulness. "The world and his waistcoat are not wide enough to contain the glory of Victor Hugo—or his corpulence," said Gautier. Baudelaire understood him also. Hugo's brain, he said, was compounded by the Almighty, in a mood of impenetrable mystification, in equal parts of genius and silliness. "*Tu enfant sublime*—and that is all he ever will be," was Balzac's estimate. "Hugo is one of the forces of Nature!" cried Flaubert, "and there circulates in his veins the sap of trees."

The final impression is of something Olympian, whether in his married life, his *amours*, his quarrel with Sainte-Beuve, his work, his acceptance by the public (was there ever such a great first night as "Hernani's"?), his exile, his politics, his death. His humbugging of himself no less than of the public was on the grand scale. The "absence of heart" which Balzac noticed in the plays (though "the poetry goes to your head") was conspicuous in his dealing with women, notwithstanding his overflow of amorous sentimentality. After a puritanical youth—some of his young moralizings are those of a prig—he surrendered, after ten years of married life, to his susceptibilities. It can be said on his behalf that his alliance with Juliette Drouet came after Adèle Hugo had refused the office of child-bearer any longer. His nature is almost unaccountable, unless we believe that he was trying to convince himself more than his wife when, while staying with his mistress, he wrote to Adèle: "Je t'aime! Tu es la joie et l'honneur de ma vie!" He kept his Juliette, who had known some sort of gaiety, locked up from the eyes of men till her beauty was too faded to charm others, and he could, while making demands upon the constancy of wife and mistress, himself not be faithful to either. In extreme old age Juliette still felt nervous of the effect upon him of young beauty. To the end both wife and mistress were devoted to him. He accepted their devotion, as he did the praise of his fellow artists, as

what was due to the great. Sainte-Beuve knew Hugo was not sincere when, finding the critic was in love with Adèle, he offered to let the wife choose between them. It sounded magnificent, but Sainte-Beuve understood well enough it was a piece of romantic humbug.

Romanticizing, perhaps, makes humbugs. There was something colossal about Hugo's romanticizing. His conception of the rôle he wished to take in politics was melodramatic. Yet he undeniably had ideas in politics, and his thought was consistent and fine. Before Bernard Shaw was born, Hugo was declaring: "Extreme poverty is a disease of the social body, even as leprosy was a disease. . . . You have made laws against anarchy in vain. Make your laws against destitution"; and before President Wilson was born he was prophesying a League of Nations: "A day will come when we shall see two multitudinous and friendly groups facing each other across the Atlantic: the United States of America and the United States of Europe." And he was ready to die at the barricade for his faith, and did suffer twenty years of exile. Suffer? Well, the great poet on his lonely isle! That, too, was magnificent.

There was the superb gesture of his will: "I believe in God. I refuse the services of all the Churches. I beg a prayer from every soul." He asked for a pauper's funeral. The pauper's bier was placed under the Arch of Triumph. "The coffin was raised on a lofty dais," writes M. Duclaux, who was a witness of the scene, "and the green flames of great bronze lamps flared eerily round it and were reflected in the breastplates of the mounted cuirassiers, who brandished other torches, as they strove to keep in place the crowd that, in rushing tides and surges, beat all night long against the flanks of their horses." These things are managed so across the Channel; but the French national spirit is not all Foch and Napoleon. It acclaims the hero when the hero is a poet. The funeral procession was of heroic dimensions. Hugo would have loved the scene. "Il serait content, le Père," said a spectator.

Yes, it is easy to be cynical about Hugo. But he was all of a piece in his life and his work. His career was an exaggeration of what an artist's life should be, his novels are an exaggeration of what life is, his characters are an exaggeration of human creatures; but they have the compelling force of his beloved Notre Dame, and it is understandable even to-day, when artists have discovered the force of understatement, how Hugo caught the imagination of his audience. There is an exaggeration of fury in his prose and his poetry, but it is a sublime fury which sweeps the critic from his feet. There is exaggeration in his pictures of the under-dog, but it is an exaggeration which springs from deep sympathy with suffering and from genuine hatred of all the things that make the misery of the poor. To have influenced the literature of France, England, and Russia, to have affected the imagination of men of genius like Dostoevsky and even Tolstoy, was an immense accomplishment. To be named *le Père* by a whole nation was, perhaps, a greater.

SCIENCE AND ART.

The Arts in Early England. By G. BALDWIN BROWN. Vol. V. (Murray. 30s. net.)

THIS fifth volume of the series dealing with the arts in early England treats of Christian monuments only, within the ancient kingdom of Northumbria. And although Mr. Baldwin Brown includes certain other remains of early art, he devotes a great part of his space to the consideration of two carved crosses, of Bewcastle and Ruthwell, both of stone, and each standing in or near its original position, the churchyard of its district. Such crosses are frequent in the British Isles, and come of long and honorable ancestry.

The sanctity of the monolith, pillar, or standing-stone is as old as religion itself and as widespread as the race of man. The "high places" of the Canaanites and of the Hebrews had each its sacred stone, and such monuments preserved their name for holiness long after the idea of a more personal and spiritual deity had supplanted that of a power dwelling in the stone itself. The ruins of the ancient civilizations of Africa have their sacred monoliths, and they are found in Melanesia, in India, among the American

Indians, in ancient Greece, and, very plentifully, in the British Isles. Our own rough, upright, single slabs of stone, standing, as they so often do, on lonely moors and on the sides of desolate, rock-crowned hills, can still wake a feeling of curious awe; perhaps a last vibration of race memory.

Just as the holy wells and springs, the seasonal festivals and observances of the earlier faiths, were taken over and wrought into the substance of Christian ritual by the wise missionaries of the early Church, so the standing stones, with their tradition of sanctity, were sealed with the seal of Christ, and grew by successive stages into the standing crosses, many of which are still left to us. The lives of the Irish saints are full of mentions of these crosses, which seem to have been set up as memorials of all sorts of happenings: meetings of saints, miracles, visions, and even of quite secular events. They are found of all intermediate types, from the plain, upright slab with a small cross incised upon its face, through those more elaborately carved in relief, to the rudely cruciform in outline; till we arrive at such works of art as those described with much detailed and scientific care in the book with which we are now concerned.

The two crosses are very beautiful in planning and design, and though a thousand years of weathering, with damage both wilful and accidental, have marred the expressiveness of their detail, enough is left to show the skill of their architects. The figure panels are so much worn as to be almost unintelligible except to the antiquary, and even to the antiquary they clearly present some difficulty. Mr. Baldwin Brown differs widely from other authorities in his interpretation of them; indeed, he is bound to do so if his early date—seventh century—for these crosses is to be accepted. Other antiquaries have explained certain of the figure panels, otherwise rather enigmatic, as being based on the Byzantine "Painter's Guide," written by Panselinos in the eleventh century. An interesting chapter deals with the runic inscriptions which appear on both crosses, marking them as certainly English and not Celtic in origin. On the Ruthwell cross is inscribed a fine and vigorous verse from the Anglo-Saxon "Dream of the Rood."

The question of dates figures very largely in the present book, and the minuteness of the antiquarian evidence for and against rather overweighs the artistic interest of many of the chapters, at any rate for the general reader. The book, scholarly and painstaking as it is, is, for this reason, disappointing. As it goes on, the impression grows stronger and stronger that one is listening to a heated but entirely polite quarrel between experts who have quite forgotten the presence of an audience. Once this impression is created, it spoils enjoyment of the book: all the deductions sound like special pleading, and one finds oneself suspecting—almost hostilely—the simplest statements.

And, somehow, so much of the art with which the book purports to deal seems to have slipped away between the arguments. The glorious "Durham Book," for example, the Gospels of Lindisfarne, rightly one of the treasures of its monastic home, with its lovely script like a string of jewels and its pages of heavy ornament, rich, complex, and dignified, like fine goldsmith's work, is treated to a process of analysis, measurement, and discussion in a spirit rather professorial than understanding. Its unimaginativeness jars.

Foreign Literature.

PROFESSOR FOERSTER ON GERMANY AND THE WAR.

Mein Kampf gegen das militaristische und national-istische Deutschland. Von FR. W. FOERSTER. (Stuttgart: Verlag Friede durch Recht. 6s. net.)

PROFESSOR FOERSTER is perhaps better known in this country as one of the most influential of German writers on education and ethics, than for his long record of unflinching opposition to the theories and practices of Pan-Germanism and Militarism. But this somewhat unusual combination

gives anything he writes on the late war a double claim on the attention of foreign readers. His new book, however, though written with all the sincerity and frankness and idealism for which its author is distinguished, will, we fear, prove distinctly disappointing to foreigners in search of really practicable suggestions for the renovation of Germany; while in Germany it has aroused opposition from almost all parties, except the extremist section of the pacifists (who recently suggested Professor Foerster as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic).

The author attempts to cover far too wide a field, the subjects dealt with including, besides the main theme of Germany's guilt for the war, the abortive Hague Peace Conferences, the Alsatian settlement, and even the Jewish question. Moreover, far too much of the book is purely polemical. Professor Foerster vigorously defends himself against the usual charges of "disloyalty" which his attitude has called forth, and, in his turn, attacks his critics; and here he takes to task those well-meaning but misguided foreigners (especially Mr. E. D. Morel) who have sought to prove that Germany was not solely responsible for the outbreak of war. In Professor Foerster's view, any attempts to minimize Germany's guilt can only prove harmful to the German people in their present condition. He boldly avows that no foreign indictment, however fierce, of the modern German political system and its dominating Prussianism, can equal the bitterness of his own, as here set forth. He can see no hope for the future in either Bolshevism or Socialism; and he is distinctly unjust to the work of the German Socialists. On the other hand, he is an uncompromising opponent of the much-debated idea of a union with Austria. Nothing but the complete self-humiliation of the nation will serve his purpose.

In defending the Allies against the common German accusations of unnecessary cruelty in continuing the blockade after the Armistice, he reproves "those kind-hearted English pacifists who protested," for their lack of knowledge, and comes to the remarkable conclusion (remarkable, that is, for any German) that "the continuance of the blockade . . . was a result of the chaotic condition of the world's trade and credit after four years of war, and of the extraordinary difficulties attending any system of international rationing during the general scarcity and uncertainty of food which followed."

It is related of a famous headmaster of Eton that he used to admonish his pupils with the words: "Be pure of heart, boys, or I'll flog you!" Except that he flogs his dispirited and disillusioned countrymen with the *sittliche Weltordnung* instead of a birch, Professor Foerster's method is not very dissimilar; and it is to be feared that the results will be equally fruitless. He wishes to see the whole nation in sackcloth and ashes as a symbol of that change of heart upon which depends the realization of his only hope for Germany's future. That hope is based upon Konstantin Frantz's theory that the Bismarckian era and all its implications represented a side-tracking of the whole inner spirit of German history, and was merely an imitation of the evolution of foreign States, founded on political ambition, which by reason of its artificial character could be no more than a short episode, destined to make way for a higher world-policy.

Books in Brief.

Arthur Coleridge: *Reminiscences.* Edited by J. A. FULLER MAITLAND. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1898 the late Arthur Coleridge published his "Eton in the 'Forties," and he also contributed a chapter to "Tennyson and his Friends." In addition to these recollections he began and practically finished the book now before us, and wherever his chapters were incomplete, they have been filled out with excerpts from his commonplace-books. *Reminiscences* of him by the editor and by three other friends are added. Arthur Coleridge's life appears mainly to have passed in pleasant reminiscences—of Ottery St. Mary, of Eton, of Cambridge. He was great-nephew of S. T. C. himself, but carried the honor easily; had a wonder-

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ful tenor voice, and knew the Swedish Nightingale intimately—his musical interests were wide, and he met most of the musicians of his day. As Clerk of Assize on the Midland Circuit he gathered anecdotes innumerable, wrote witty verses on himself and others, and "in sentencing leaned to severity." His friends in the world of art and letters included Millais, Holman Hunt, Tennyson, and Cory. Cory spent five years in teaching his daughter, Mary Coleridge the poet, her Greek. As a specimen of Coleridge's picturesque manner, we could not perhaps choose a better glimpse than this of Cory: "My earliest recollections of W. Johnson [Cory] are of his football-playing at the wall; he was a strange figure, that bow-legged youth dressed like an Eskimo in a coarse jersey, blind as a bat, and in constant peril of having his spectacles smashed, for he rushed indiscriminately at friend or foe, like a bull in a china shop."

Advancing Woman. By HOLFORD KNIGHT. (O'Connor. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. HOLFORD KNIGHT'S essays, as Mrs. Millicent Fawcett says in her foreword, "will be read with interest and profit by those women who are desirous of sharing in the great adventure which full citizenship has brought within their reach." The passage, last Session, of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act has opened to women the legal professions, with their attendant privileges and responsibilities; and "Advancing Woman," in spite of its challenging title, therefore possesses more than a merely feminist interest. Mr. Knight's very practical and informative chapters on women jurors and magistrates should be of use to those who suddenly find themselves called upon to fulfil these new functions in our civic life. Of particular significance, in view of a good deal of nonsense that has been talked lately in this connection, is the passage on the provision of the Act which enables the judge "to dispense with women jurors if, in his opinion, the circumstances of a particular case are such as to make this exception advisable." The author expresses the view of most public-spirited reformers when he urges women to insist upon the removal of this proviso. "In the interests of public justice," he says, "representatives of both sexes should be present while matters affecting both sexes are under investigation," and he does not except cases involving matters of public decency.

History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting. By JAMES WARD. Vol. IV. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)

IN these volumes on the history of painting Mr. Ward has no theory to advance, no new point of criticism, no argument that will keep the reader's attention from beginning to end of the ambitious work the author has undertaken. They are not books to be taken at a gulp. But they are important, as any well-arranged, clear exposition of a mass of information on a great subject must be. The present volume deals with Italian painters and their work from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, completing the survey begun in the third volume. The fortunate student who possesses these volumes has an excellent guide to the masterpieces, and the methods and materials used in their composition, and an encyclopædia of information about the men who created them. Vol. IV. has twenty-four full-page illustrations.

From the Publishers' Table.

THE fashion set by Mr. Conrad, of a collected issue of his works, is to be followed by two distinguished examples. Messrs. Constable will presently issue Mr. Shaw in thirty volumes, with an autobiographical introduction. Much the same form, with the same number of volumes, and the same presentation of the author by himself, will be adopted by Mr. Arnold Bennett.

WE were lately privileged to see, by the courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the manuscript from which Wilfred Owen's "Poems" were printed—a manuscript which, without doubt, has a famous future. The writing is

admirably clear, though emendations are many, some of which, made evidently under strain, leave the final text a little uncertain. The poem "Strange Meeting" has many important rejected readings; and Owen had the faculty of revising for the better. An especially interesting page is Owen's classified index, in which he names the motive of each poem.

THE report of the Curators of the Bodleian for 1920 has appeared. The event of the year, and indeed of history, for the Library was Mr. Walter Morrison's gift of £50,000. We have previously referred to the reduction of the staff to forty-six persons only, a point that is emphasized and regretted in this report. During the year an encyclopædia was presented by Sir Edmund Backhouse. This sounds simple enough, but it was a Chinese encyclopædia in 5,000 volumes (large paper).

THOSE who have read Mr. Stephen Graham's recent book on the condition of the negro, in particular, will feel in accord with Professor W. E. Leonard, who has lately published through Messrs. Huebsch "The Lynching Bee and other Poems"—a series of "indignations."

WE have disposed of the penny post, the stage coach, the third eye, and other marks of antiquity, and now, it seems, the career of crime is in jeopardy. On July 1st will be published a bi-monthly magazine named "Dactylography," throwing light upon footprints, bootprints, fingerprints, tattoo marks, blood smears, &c. Experts in the United States and the Colonies will collaborate with the editor, Mr. Henry Faulds, of Regent House, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Sikes's occupation is evidently gone.

THE "Villager" (which deserves a wide circulation in England; it is published at 10, East 43rd Street, New York) quotes from a work called "Church Advertising," evidently a classic. It has "chapters on Type Sizes, Billboard Advertising, Electric Display, and the like." Its principle is, "Advertising the message of the Church is like advertising a general commodity such as bread."

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN is reported to be astonished at the popular American interest in his theories. His five lectures at Princeton during the week of May 9th are to be issued in book form by the Princeton University Press, the only authorized publication of any of his lectures during his visit to the United States.

"ESTEEMED" books are offered by Mr. D. W. Edwards, of Hull, in his twenty-first list, varying from the first edition of "The Professor" to the "New Popular Educator." Here occur William Hone's "Select Political Tracts," 1821, with the cuts by Cruikshank (6s.), and the report of his "Three Trials," 1818 (8s.). Many modern rarities are catalogued by Messrs. Lamley, of South Kensington, and a few older books, among them the "Works of Sir William Temple," 1754.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: CONTROVERSIES.

THE most unfortunate dispute of 1821, apart from political and international ones, was that which brought about the death of John Scott, editor of the new "London Magazine." It is idle, of course, to suppose what he might eventually have achieved in that capacity, but it is obvious that his death and the slow starvation of the "London" were connected. Scott, himself a ready writer, had shown his distinction as an editor in the "Champion," 1813-1817, to which the curious may turn without being disappointed. In this liberal publication he had had the help of Haydon, Hazlitt, Lamb (only one of whose papers has been identified, but whose hand is almost certainly recognized in eight or

nine others), and Wordsworth. J. H. Reynolds, Keats's witty friend, had contributed a score of his graceful poems and many essays. And, what was perhaps the real triumph of Scott's "Champion," there had appeared not only a page review of Keats's "Poems" on March 9th, 1817, but also, appended to it, Keats's sonnet "To Haydon, with a Sonnet Written on Seeing the Elgin Marbles" and its companion. On August 17th, by way of answer to a detractor, Scott printed the sonnet "On the Sea," with this comment: "The following Sonnet is from the pen of Mr. Keats. It is quite sufficient, we think, to justify all the praise we have given him; and to prove to our correspondent Pierre, his superiority over any poetical writer in the 'Champion.'—'J. H. R.' would be the first to acknowledge this himself."

And now the editor of the "Champion," having engaged as editor of the "London," fell foul of "Blackwood." After argument with Lockhart, Scott found himself obliged to challenge Lockhart's second, Christie. At the second fire (at Chalk Farm), Scott fell, and died on February 27th. The affair has been discussed by many writers; and at the time it created a great sensation. Enough, here, to wish that it had never happened.

Meanwhile, a momentous contention was exercising readers of the "Morning Herald." "Q." began it, on January 11th. Going down the Strand, he had been shocked "by the frigid appearance of some *Blue-Coat Boys* without hats; or rather, without hats upon their heads, as the caps with which these boys are furnished are almost invariably carried in their pockets . . . this ridiculous and pernicious custom." "B." saw "Q.'s" letter with much satisfaction, and his own appeared next morning, with added condemnation of "allowing the boys to rove about London during the many holidays of the year, to the danger of their morals, and to the advantage only of certain persons of the Establishment, who benefit by the absence of the Boys." This aroused that immortal combatant "A Constant Reader." As to hats, the question had been decided at a committee of the governors. As to morals, it was "the particular pride of a Blue-coat that he is never known to speak to or mix with (if 'B.' was in the school he will understand the following term) *Town Jags*." Let "B." refer to Dyer's poem on "Christ's Hospital" and the "Brief History" just published.

The author of the "Brief History" (J. I. Wilson) now intervened, in favor of the hatless, and against "the squalmish feelings of gentlemen who have never been connected with the Hospital." Some editions of his work, however, contained a brightly tinted vignette of a Blue wearing the abominable thing. "B." replied in vigorous terms; "the boys," he declared, "are indulged with *whole holidays on every Red Letter Day*!" Certain officials were, apparently, about to retire on "the advantages arising from *unconsumed provisions*"—an unkind cut.

Finally, another "B." stepped to the bat. As an Old Blue, he stated that "there were certain days in the year when the boys were *driven* out of the Hospital, whether they had friends [to go to] or not"; and if they did not go out, they were still deprived of their meals, "under the shameful pretence that the kitchens are wanted to provide a dinner for the Governors." Thus in many cases they were "obliged to wander about all day with an empty stomach, and sent to bed in that state. If this is not leading these boys into temptations of the worst kind, I don't know what is." This heavy direct hit from "B." silenced the enemy: but whole-day leaves continued as heretofore, and the hat gradually became a curiosity.

Science.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

THE student of physics at the present day suffers from an embarrassment of riches. It is difficult to think oneself back into the attitude of past times, but it is probable that no period in the history of science, not even the clear sunrise of the Newtonian epoch, was so full of promise, so full of alluring intimations of profound and compre-

hensive relations, as our own time. The body of problems with which modern physics is concerned extends into chemistry on the one hand and into astronomy on the other; these ramifications have received titles and make more or less distinct branches of science; thus we have Physical Chemistry and Astro-Physics. And as these sciences develop it becomes increasingly difficult to mark their boundaries; within this range, at any rate, the unity of science is being achieved. Great and far-reaching theories, such as Quantum Theory and the Theory of Relativity, suggest other modes of division; the classes of phenomena they embrace are not determined by historic frontiers. One amongst many indications of this new communism is furnished by the class of problems officially described as Cosmogony and Stellar Evolution, problems of a singularly fascinating kind which are receiving, just now, a great deal of attention. Amongst these problems one, that concerned with the temperature history of a star, was recently the subject of a lecture by Professor H. N. Russell, whose researches on this subject have recently been acknowledged by the bestowal of the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

That the stars are of different colors has long been known; they may be arranged in a sequence extending from white through yellow to red, and it is not unnatural to relate their colors with their temperatures. A more finely graded and informative classification, however, is obtained by arranging them by their spectra. When arranged in this way they form a continuous sequence, the spectra corresponding to surface temperature. Starting with the hottest, or white, stars, we pass through a series of cooler and cooler stars until we reach the red stars. But if there is any truth in the theory that stars are formed by the condensation of relatively cool nebular matter, then amongst the cooler stars we should have some that are near the beginning, as well as those that are near the end, of their life histories. The process of contraction from a primitive diffused gas is at first attended by rise of temperature, and then, after a maximum is reached, further contraction is accompanied by cooling. The star is, of course, radiating heat the whole time, but during the earlier half of its history this radiation is accompanied by increasing temperature. This, at first sight, slightly paradoxical behavior can be demonstrated very simply by an argument which seems to have been first used by a Mr. Lane, an otherwise obscure gentleman who happened one day to explain his theory to Simon Newcomb, and succeeded in arousing the interest and enthusiasm of that great astronomer.

Let us consider a sphere of gas held together by the mutual gravitation of its particles. The attraction of the sphere at a point on its surface is directed towards its centre, and its magnitude is the same as if the whole mass of the sphere were concentrated in a point at the centre. And it varies inversely as the square of the radius of the sphere. If the sphere is in a state of equilibrium the pressure over the surface due to gravity must be balanced by the elastic force of the gas, and this elastic force is proportional to the product of the density of the gas into its absolute temperature. Now, imagine the sphere to contract until its radius is halved. The gravitational pull on the surface becomes four times as great, since it is the inverse square of the radius that is involved, and the total mass remains the same. But a sphere whose radius is halved has its surface diminished to one-fourth, since the surface varies with the square of the radius. Hence we have four times the pressure exerted on a quarter the area. The pressure per unit of surface, therefore, is sixteen times what it was before. What has happened to the elastic force which is to counterbalance this pressure? It is the product of two things, the density of the gas and the absolute temperature. Now, since the radius of the sphere is halved the density has increased eight times, for the volume varies as the cube of the radius. From this cause alone, then, the elastic force is eight times what it was; but for equilibrium it

must be sixteen times what it was. This can only happen by doubling the other factor, *viz.*, the absolute temperature. Therefore when a gaseous sphere shrinks to half its radius its absolute temperature is doubled. This process cannot, of course, go on for ever. The actual molecules of the gas have certain dimensions, and they cannot be squeezed into nothing. Actually the process goes on until the sphere is no longer in a strictly gaseous condition. Other considerations then govern the phenomena, and further contraction is accompanied by cooling. A star, therefore, goes through its temperature changes twice: once rising and then falling. But during the first process it is a much larger body than during the second process. In particular the red stars should fall into two very distinct classes: as young stars, just commencing to glow, they should be enormously large diffuse masses of gas; in the second class, when redness indicates feeble old age, they should be enormously condensed. If a star from each class were placed at the same distance from us, the member of the first class would be much brighter than the other for the reason that its light-radiating surface would be enormously larger. We can measure the apparent brightness of the stars; if, therefore, we also measure their distances from us we can calculate what is called their "absolute" brightness, *i.e.*, their brightness at a certain standard distance. When this is done, and the stars are arranged according to their absolute brightness and their spectral types (indicating their temperatures), we find that the stars tend to fall into two classes. In the first class the stars are of all spectral types, but they all have about the same absolute brightness; they are all about 100 times as bright as the sun. In the second class they are of all spectral types, and also of all absolute brightnesses. But, in this second class, the brighter the star the whiter it is, and the red stars are all very faint.

Now let us consider what this means. A red star which is one hundred times brighter than the sun must be an enormously large body, since the comparatively dull light given out by each square mile of surface must be made up for by the enormous number of square miles that give out light. Suppose this body to contract a little: it grows hotter, its light becomes yellower. There are fewer square miles of surface, but there is more light given out per square mile. The two changes counterbalance, and it continues to give out 100 times as much light as the sun. Still further contraction is attended by still further increase of light per square mile, and the counterbalancing process continues until the star has condensed sufficiently to give out white light. Hence, for this class of star, we find a continuous temperature series and a uniform brightness. But, after this stage, the star begins both to cool and contract. The light per square mile diminishes, and so does the number of square miles. Hence, once again, we get a complete temperature series, but also this time we get all degrees of absolute brightness, from the brilliant, moderate-sized white star to the feeble, small red star. By this method of classification, then, we have sorted out the large and the small stars, or, as they were called by Hertzsprung and are now generally known, the giants and the dwarfs.

The existence of these two classes can be inferred from other phenomena, and experimental confirmation has recently been obtained by the Mount Wilson measurements of the diameter of Betelgeux, showing that that star is some millions of times larger than our sun.

In conclusion, we may mention a very neat application which has been made of this classification to the problem of determining the distance of a star cluster. It is known that all the stars in a cluster are at the same distance from us. If, then, there are a number of stars of the same brightness but different colors, it follows that they are giant stars, and therefore are actually about one hundred times brighter than the sun. We can measure how bright they appear to be, and knowing their absolute brightness, we can readily deduce their distance.

S.

Music.

MANUEL DE FALLA.

THE emergence of the modern Spanish school of music ought to be something of an encouragement to those who believe in a resurrection of music in England. Spain, like England, has for generations had the reputation of being an unmusical country, dependent upon France or Italy for its music. The Spaniard, say those who know him well, has curious resemblances to the Englishman, due to the fact that Spain, like England, is remote from the centres of European culture. In most artistic movements that affect Europe they are backward, and modern Spanish music, like modern English music, has, compared with that of more central countries, a certain primitiveness of style. Spain has given much material to French composers; but the Spaniards, even when they have been educated in France, seem to learn but little there. The young Englishmen learn more, perhaps, because we have given little or nothing. We have only just begun to cultivate our own local color: the local color of Spain has been the common property of European composers for a century and more.

The modern Spanish school, which is headed by Albeniz, interests a Northern musician primarily by its Spanish local color. Albeniz studied at Leipzig and lived for many years in London. At first sight both he and Granados, even de Falla to some extent as well, write the same sort of musical language as Moszkowski. It is German in its origin, German in its harmonic system as well as in its pianoforte technique. In the heaping up of notes, in the exaggerated complexity of ingeniously fitting counterpoints, based upon simple and obvious successions of main chords, there is much that is common both to Granados and to Humperdinck or Max Reger. After the first fascination of the Spanish themes has passed off, one is easily tempted to come to the conclusion that all this Spanish music is very much alike, that it carries on the German tradition with a few monotonous mannerisms from Spanish folk-song, and that in constructive power it is singularly weak. In carrying on the German tradition, the Spaniards are not unlike a large number of English composers. When we hear new music for the first time we naturally tend to listen chiefly to what is already familiar, and it is just that which is familiar that is in reality unimportant. It is German, because practically all nineteenth-century music is German in its normal methods. What is there, then, in this music that is Spanish? If it is only the folk-song material, that, too, is of little importance. In a very short time we become accustomed to it, so that either it bores us so much that we cannot bear to listen to it, or we may, if other interests arise, become completely indifferent to it and hardly notice that it is there. The primitive peasant art of a country, whether foreign or our own, may have a momentary charm and a sentimental association, but it cannot suffice as the expression of cultivated and highly civilized modern minds. The really important difference between the men of our country and those of another lies not in their folk-songs, but in their methods of handling music as an elaborated art. When we consider Albeniz or Granados in this light, that question of form which we at first set aside with contemptuous indifference takes on a new interest. The familiar German idiom is merely an unimportant survival from the past; it does not dictate the principle of construction. Somewhere else we must seek for the clue to the design, and it is when we begin to look at Spanish music from this point of view that we find ourselves in contact with a Spanish mentality; with a temperament that is unfamiliar and obscure to us.

It is this quality which makes the "Goyescas" bewilderingly difficult to follow. They are emotional rather than logical; the composer gives the foreign reader no help by laying out his material on familiar

lines. We know nothing of the associations which any phrase may have to a Spanish ear—the associations that are purely musical, quite apart from those which are merely literary. To understand them properly we ought to have lived in Spain, to have saturated ourselves with Spanish music of all kinds; if we cannot do that, we must at least hear them played by a real Spaniard. Once I heard a foreign pianist attempt to play a hornpipe of Purcell; and not until he showed me the notes afterwards did I realize that it was an old friend which I had known for years.

Manuel de Falla, like Albeniz and Granados, bases his music very largely on the folk-song idiom. Although he is well on into middle life, he has written comparatively little, and he is much given to revising and rewriting. His early opera, "*La Vida Breve*," a tragedy in two acts, shows an unformed style; the love-duets and other conventional features of opera are set to a conventionally operatic music after the manner of Massenet or Goring Thomas. But there are choral intermezzi and scenes of popular life that are purely Spanish, and in these de Falla shows much more individuality and power. "*The Three-Cornered Hat*," which was produced here by the Russian Ballet, is written with a much surer hand. After "*La Vida Breve*," which was written about 1906, though not produced until 1913 (at Nice), de Falla spent some time in Paris. He was never the pupil of any French teacher, but his contact with French music could not fail to have a certain influence upon him, though it was naturally much less powerful than in the case of Turina, a younger composer, who was trained under Vincent d'Indy.

When I first heard "*The Three-Cornered Hat*," I received the impression that the composer had conceived much of it in terms of the pianoforte, but as I came to know his music better, I saw that I was wrong in my first judgment. The instrument which dominates de Falla's music is the guitar. In the ballet, as in the "*Pièces Espagnoles*" for the pianoforte, the guitar is perpetually present to the imagination. Indeed, in Spain some of the pianoforte pieces are played as trios for guitar and two Spanish mandolines. The guitar in Spain is taken seriously—how seriously we may judge from the fact that de Falla's contribution to the "*Tombeau de Debussy*," published last autumn by "*La Revue Musicale*," is a piece for guitar. There are probably very few people in England who could play it. On the pianoforte it is impossible to realize its right effect. Yet it is instructive to study it carefully at the pianoforte, to endeavor to hear in imagination how it should sound on the guitar, and then do the best one can to reproduce that effect at the keyboard. One hardly ever hears a guitar in England. In Italy one hears it in the streets, generally played no better than the banjo is played here. In Spain it is an instrument for serious music; it still seems to retain something of the position which the lute held in the days of the Renaissance. Through all de Falla's music, from "*La Vida Breve*" to the "*Nights in the Gardens of Spain*," which he played at Mr. Edward Clark's last concert, we hear its murmur and throb. In "*The Three-Cornered Hat*" there were obvious allusions to Domenico Scarlatti. Spanish musicians seem now to regard Domenico Scarlatti as the father of Spanish music, just as the French look back to Rameau and we to the Elizabethans. Scarlatti illuminates de Falla, and de Falla Scarlatti in his turn. When we consider them both together, when we note the rhythms, the clashes of harmony, the peculiarities of melodic line that are common to both, we begin to see that behind both of them stands the same inspiring muse, and that she carries not a lyre but a guitar. Here in the North our music is gradually becoming more and more degraded by American vulgarity. Spain—it was the most vivid impression of Mr. Clark's programme—sets before us the ideal of a grave and passionate nobility.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

SHAW—SCHOPENHAUER.

SCHOPENHAUER and Shaw are a much stronger combination than Shaw and Nietzsche. Schopenhauer guides and sharpens Mr. Shaw's eye for realities; Nietzsche only gives him more flushed and gorgeous cloud-castles in which to lose his way. We remember how Mr. Shaw, many years ago, daringly made his abnormal normality of physical vision an argument for the justness of his intellectual perceptions, and, as we listen to "*Man and Superman*," we wonder if Schopenhauer ever consulted an oculist. For just as Shaw has been dubbed an eccentric because of his mad humor, so Schopenhauer has been dubbed an eccentric because of his mad metaphysics, while the truth about both of them is that their minds, like motor headlights, illuminate the strictly-bounded circle of their vision with piercing clarity. Everybody makes his own additions to Schopenhauer's view of life, but almost everything that he saw and set down about it was true, just as almost everything that Nietzsche saw and set down about it was illusory. That is why "*Man and Superman*," while it grips our emotions less than "*Major Barbara*," satisfies our intelligence much more.

We must leave it to the scholiast to say how much of the theme of "*Man and Superman*" is Schopenhauerian and how much Shavian. The two keen hounds hunt the trail of truth so well together that it is not easy to distinguish them at their work. One might, perhaps, hint that the solidity of the sex-theory developed in this play should be put to the credit of the philosopher, and the penetrating subtleties of it to the credit of the dramatist. Solidity! Penetration!—Heavens, here we are taking for granted the truth of a thesis which, when "*Man and Superman*" first came out in 1905, was judged a wild paradox and a rather offensive one, too! Indeed, to be frank, as we sat in the Everyman Theatre on Monday night, the ideas of the play seemed to us not only true, but commonplace. It is the Nemesis of those who tell the truth that we think after a few years that we have always known what they have told us. Yet here is a curious shifting of perspective, and we must, doubtless, blame the war again. The public that first saw "*Man and Superman*" viewed Tanner (we suspect) through the eyes of Roebuck Ramsden, and Ann, through the eyes of Octavius. Now all those prettily painted card-castles have been blown to the thinnest shreds; Ramsden scarcely dare show his nose in a leading article, and Tavy has come back from his gruelling on the Somme with no curves left to his mouth and a very different view of life and love. Alas! All the glitter and audacity are gone from the dialectic; the "*Revolutionist's Handbook*" is on a fair way to being edited by the Board of — as an official manual, and the "*M.I.R.C.*" is suspected of proclaiming loudly what every man, as well as every woman knows. And yet, when all is said, 1921 perhaps misunderstands Mr. Shaw in its own way almost as badly as 1905. An age of prevalent cynicism is certainly clearer-sighted than an age of prevalent sentimentalism, and so far we are better equipped for understanding the sex duel as it is fought in "*Man and Superman*." But the Shaw of this play and Preface and Handbook only uses the broom of cynicism to sweep away rubbish. There remains the mystic austerity of the doctrine of life and love and art, which he would put in the place of Roebuck Ramsden's soft fallacies. Have we come out of the war with any taste for that? But perhaps we are forgetting that it is our business to criticize plays, not the public that goes to see them.

If we say that the present revival of "*Man and Superman*" is, on the whole, amateurish, it is not altogether a condemnation. You can get a great deal of enjoyment, and of profit too, out of the freshness of amateurism—out of Mr. Nicholas Hannen's John Tanner, for instance, so crude and verbally imperfect and short of technical resource. This Tanner (correctly made up, by the way, with beard and Mephistopheles

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eyebrow) was curiously appealing, for all the defects we have mentioned. Mr. Hannen shows us not only the youthfulness and the naïveté of Tanner, but also his fragility. Tanner (Mr. Hannen deserves all credit for recognizing) is *not* impudent, except to Roebuck on the stage, and the Ramsdens in the stalls. It is not his fault that he sees the truth of most situations and bubbles over in childlike innocence with the delight or the annoyance of it. When Tanner called Ann a bo-constrictor, he must have been conscious that bo-constrictors swallow rabbits; the furtive alarm with which this Tanner watches Straker and his deadly engine out of the corner of a bright little eye, when he thinks no one is looking, gives the show away as charmingly as it can be done. Impossible not to love such a child, and impossible therefore to be afraid of him. There is no temptation, accordingly, to deny the truth of what he says. It is surely commendable in Mr. Hannen to produce in us this reasonable frame of mind.

Miss Muriel Pratt's fault as Ann is rather in the opposite direction to Mr. Hannen's. He has too little technique; she indulges in virtuosity. Most of the time she was playing Ann with such elaborate skill that she quite omitted to introduce us to any real woman. Thus she only touched us in the love scene at the end, when a really pretty rill of emotion gushed out, and combined with the simplicity and youth of the Tanner to whom she was playing, to raise the episode from the stuffy realm of sex-psychology to the fresh air of lovers' poetry. The Life-Force for the moment seemed radiant, rehabilitated. Really, however, the best acting of the evening was done by Mr. Felix Aylmer, in the smallish part of the young American idealist, Hector Malone. It is curious to note how the nerves of an audience are soothed the moment there steps on to the stage an actor quite sure of himself, and of the effects he wants to make. In a smaller way still Miss Hazel Jones made a very good thing out of Hector's cold and conquering Violet. Something, no doubt, was due to the services of a delightful *coiffure* in setting off her personal charm, but it was a clever little performance all the same.

D. L. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Grosvenor Galleries: Nameless Exhibition.

THE organizers of the Nameless Exhibition tell us in the catalogue that they have tried to make it representative of the "Academics," the "Intermediates," and the "Modernists," and they claim that it indicates "clearly and fairly almost every aspect of contemporary British painting." This claim is rather exaggerated. For there is no portrait here of sufficient power to remind us that the Academics can, on occasion, achieve a work of excellence, like Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Wertheimer," and there is no painting by Mr. Eric Kennington, the leading Academic artist in the country. There is also nothing which vindicates for the Intermediates the great and justified reputation of Mr. John (the one exhibit which is apparently from his brush being a work of no importance). Finally, the interesting and enterprising group of Modernists—Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Wadsworth, and the sculptor Mr. Dobson—do not appear to be represented at all. But though the exhibition is not so catholic as the catalogue would have us believe, it affords nevertheless most valuable juxtapositions which should cause many a healthy shock to interested visitors.

Here are notes on some of the pictures which may serve to assist the uninitiate in what must be, at first, a somewhat bewildering experience:—

A.—THE ACADEMICS.

1. *Preparing for the Ball*.—Imitation of the meretricious factors in Mr. Sargent's technique.

2 and 4. *Landscapes*.—Romantic in the worst sense.

3. *The Shower Bath*.—Set it beside a Mantegna of the same scale; it will be seen to be a poster for an infant food.

8. *Fishing*.—The Sargent-de Glehn-Connard School of English Impressionism. Obvious brush-flick formula for play of light. Empty sparkle without coherence or dignity. Emotionally a Bank Holiday sensation.

23. *A Dutch Family*.—A picture by a painter with little sense of form and a thoroughly commonplace vision. Set the sketch of Lord Northcliffe (No. 132) by the same hand beside a portrait sketch by Rubens or Van Dyck and the incompetence will stand revealed.

B.—THE INTERMEDIATES.

(a) The Pioneers of the Slade School.

32. *Portrait of Wilson Steer*, and 17, *Brighton Beach*.—Two stages in the development of the artist who bridges the gulf between the French Impressionists (and Whistler) and modern æsthetic philosophy. From the study of the appearance of things, he has passed to the study of their realities in relation to pictorial composition.

11. *Strolling Players*.—Solid and intelligent painting. Probably the best picture in the exhibition. Impressionism disciplined by insistence on three-dimensional realization.

(b) The New Generation from the Slade.

19. *Christ carrying the Cross*.—By a young man who fought in the war, but did not have "all the nonsense knocked out of him" in the process, as was doubtless gleefully predicted by the old gentlemen. He seems to regard the world as a queer place, and to believe that salvation depends on the recapture of the naïveté of medieval religion. This painting is an attempt at such recapture, but as the motive is not æsthetic it is of little interest as a picture.

48. *The Anrep Family*.—This is developed from the Pre-Raphaelite streak in the Slade School tradition. It lacks unity and most painter-like qualities; but considered as a drawing for a picture it is very good indeed.

111. *Miss Iris Tree*.—The artist has tried to realize to the point of complete pictorial expression his impressions of a room crowded with brightly colored and patterned objects. He has not quite succeeded in convincing in this picture, which is below his usual standard.

C.—THE MODERNISTS.

(a) The Grant-Fry-Bell Group.

21. *The Water-Carriers*.—An interesting and impressive work influenced by the early work of Friesz. The artist, the most assured and satisfactory of the group, has here recreated natural forms and rhythms in his plastic consciousness, just as a musician recreates natural sounds and rhythms in his musical consciousness.

16. *The Visit*.—Much influenced by Matisse and Derain and a little by Bonnard. Those who do not yet appreciate the products of the Grant-Fry-Bell atelier should look at this picture for half-an-hour without prejudice. It will be seen to be a charming pattern animated with some agreeable and original observation.

7. *Breton Landscape*.—Adequate and well planned; but it owes its success to a partial elimination of the difficult problem of the play of light.

98. *Lemons*.—A very precious and tasteful still life.

(b) The Cézanne Worshippers.

95. *Still Life*.—A masculine study where the relative volumes are relentlessly realized.

51. *Viganello*.—White houses on grey-green hills. Complete and convincing. But there is always a thunderstorm coming in this artist's world.

(c) Other Modernists.

71. *Woman at Machine*, and 117, *Tavern*.—Experiments in sheer rhythms. Gloomy and dogmatic.

30. *Footballers*.—Incompletely realized.

166. *Portrait*.—As bad as No. 1.

R. H. W.

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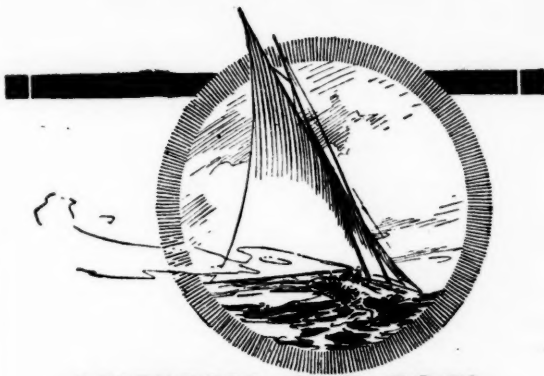
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Mon. 30. Geographical Society, 5.30.—Annual Meeting. University College, 5.30.—"An Experiment in Colonial Self-Government in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. H. W. V. Temperley. (Rhodes Lectures.) University College, 5.30.—"Hogarth and Life in London in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. A. H. Blake.
Society of Arts, 8.—"Industrial Disease and Immunity," Sir Kenneth Goadby.
National Union of Scientific Workers (University College), 8.—"The Administration of Scientific Work," Prof. L. Bairstow.
Tues. 31. Royal Institution, 3.—"Roman Life in the Time of Pliny the Younger," Sir James Frazer.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Present Issue between Realism and Idealism," Lecture IV., Prof. H. Widdon Carr.
Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Celestial and Terrestrial Orientation of the Dead," Prof. H. J. Rose.
June.
Wed. 1. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), noon.—"Britain and Germany in East Africa," Miss A. Werner.
University College, 3.—"The Paradise," Lecture III., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
Archæological Institute, 4.30.—"Fifteenth-Century Glass at Leicester," Mr. G. McN. Rushforth.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Universities of the Dominions and the United States," Lecture III., Prof. A. P. Newton.
King's College, 5.30.—"Painting before Giotto," Prof. P. Dearnley.
Thurs. 2. Institute of Public Health (Guildhall), 10 a.m.—"Municipal Hygiene." 2 p.m.—"The Housing Problem."
Royal Institution, 3.—"Beethoven," Lecture I., Sir A. C. Mackenzie.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"Optical Rotatory Dispersion," Dr. T. M. Lowry and Dr. C. P. Austin. (Bakerian Lecture.)
Linnean Society, 5.—Discussion on "Biogenetic Law."
King's College, 5.30.—"The Outbreak of the Greek Revolution of 1921," Lecture III., Dr. L. Economos.
Chemical Society, 8.
Sociological Society, 8.15.—"The Municipal Survey of Sheffield," Prof. Abercrombie.
Fri. 3. Institute of Public Health (Guildhall), 10 a.m.—"The Maintenance of Efficiency in Industry." 2 p.m.—"Venereal Diseases and their Prevention."
University College, 5.—"The History of Chemistry in the Nineteenth Century," Lecture II., Sir W. Tilden.
King's College, 5.30.—"Rumania," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
Philological Society, 5.30.—"Dictionary Evening," Dr. H. Bradley.
Royal Institution, 9.—"Chronicles of the 'Cornhill,'" Dr. Leonard Huxley.

The Week's Books.

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- *Haldane (Richard B., Viscount). *The Reign of Relativity*. 9x5½. 453 pp. Murray, 21/- n.

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- *Harvey (T. Edmund). *The Long Pilgrimage: Human Progress in the Light of the Christian Hope* (Swarthmore Lecture). 7½x4½. 70 pp. Harrogate, R. Davis, 30, Leadhall Lane (Friends' Bookshop, 140, Bishopsgate, E.C.2), 1/6 paper, 2/6 cl.
*Nicholson (Reynold Alleyne). *Studied in Islamic Mysticism* 9½x5½. 235 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 24/- n.

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- Cook (William G. H.). *Insanity and Mental Deficiency in relation to Legal Responsibility: a Study in Psychological Jurisprudence*. 8½x5½. 216 pp. Routledge, 10/6 n.
Fell (E. F. B.). *Wealth and You and I; or, What are Rights?* 7½x5. 157 pp. Methuen, 6/- n.
Herron (George D.). *The Defeat in the Victory*. 7½x5. 242 pp. Cecil Palmer, 7/6 n.

- Labor Booklets.** 3. Communism. By Eden and Cedar Paul. 19 pp.—4. The Control of Industry. By Margaret I. Cole. 12 pp. 8½x5½. Labor Publishing Co., 6d. each.
*Le Bon (Gustave). *The World in Revolt: a Psychological Study of our Times*. 9x5½. 256 pp. Fisher Unwin, 12/6 n.
*Wells (H. G.). *The Salvaging of Civilization*, 8½x5½. 202 pp. Cassell, 7/6 n.

EDUCATION.

- Fordham (Sir Herbert George). *Maps, their History, Characteristics, and Uses: a Handbook for Teachers*. 8x5½. 95 pp., pl. Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/6 n.

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- Tyler (John M.). *The New Stone Age in Northern Europe*. 8½x5½. 328 pp., il. Bell, 15/- n.

LITERATURE.

- Essays by Divers Hands.** Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. New Series. Vol. I. Ed. by Sir Henry Newbolt. 8½x5½. 165 pp. Milford, 7/- n.
More (Paul Elmer). *Shelburne Essays*. Ninth Series. Aristocracy and Justice. 243 pp.—Tenth Series. With the Wits. 311 pp. 7½x5. Boston, Mass. Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2 each.

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Saudak (Robert). *Diplomaten*. 7½x5½. 425 pp. Munich, Drei Masken Verlag, 20m. paper, 32m. cl.
Scott (Evelyn). *The Narrow House*. 7½x5. 221 pp. New York, Boni & Liveright, \$2 n.
Tibbitts (Mrs. Walter). *Pages from the Life of a Pagan: a Romance of the Real*. 9x5½. 257 pp. Routledge, 7/6 n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Araquistain (Luis). *El Peligro Yanqui*. 7½x5½. 201 pp. Madrid, Publicaciones España, 5ptas.
*Czechoslovakia, and Austria and Hungary. (Imperial Series of Maps). 7½x4 (folded in case). Philip, 5/- n.
Gray (Arthur B.). *Cambridge Revisited*. 8½x6½. 175 pp., il., map. Cambridge, Heffer, 12/6 n.
Maxwell (Donald). *A Painter in Palestine: being an Impromptu Pilgrimage with Bible and Sketch-Book*. 7½x5. 185 pp., pl. Lane, 6/6 n.
Norwich Archaeological Society. *Papers*, Vol. XX., Part III. 9x6. 341 pp. Norwich, Goose & Son, 10/-.
Society of Roman Studies. *Journal*, Vol. IX. Part I. 11x7½. 110 pp., pl. 19, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C., 15/-.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Chester (S. B.). *Life of Venizelos*. 9x5½. 337 pp., map. Constable, 21/- n.
Das (Harihar). *Life and Letters of Toru Dutt*. Foreword by Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. 9x5½. 379 pp., pl. Milford, 26/- n.
Nabokoff (Constantin). *The Ordeal of a Diplomat*. 8½x5½. 320 pp. Duckworth, 15/- n.
*Witte (Count). *Memoirs*. Tr. by Abraham Yarmolinsky. 9½x6½. 456 pp. Heinemann, 21/- n.

HISTORY.

- Clarke (Geoffrey). *The Post Office of India and its Story*. 8½x5½. 233 pp., 16 pl. Lane, 15/- n.
Minnesota. *Research Publications of the University. Bibliographical Series*, No. 1: Sources of English History of the Seventeenth Century, 1603-89. Compiled by J. T. Gerould. 10x6½. 570 pp. Minneapolis, Univ. of Minnesota, \$4.
*Montesinos (Fernando). *Memorias Antiguas Historiales del Peru*. Tr. by P. A. Means. Introd. by Sir C. R. Markham. 9x5½. 225 pp. Hakluyt Society (Second Series, 48).

WAR.

- Bingham (Hiram). *An Explorer in the Air Service*. 9x5½. 274 pp., pl. New Haven, Conn. Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 42/- n.
Gauvain (Auguste). *L'Europe au Jour le Jour: Vol. X. La Guerre Européenne (septembre, 1916—Mars, 1917)*. 10x6½. 530 pp. Paris, Bossard, 18 fr.
German Army in Belgium. *White Book of May, 1915*. Tr. by E. N. Bennett. Foreword on Military Reprisals in Belgium and Ireland. 8½x5½. 302 pp. Swarthmore Press and Allen & Unwin, 10/6 n.
Teichman (Capt. O.). *The Diary of a Yeomanry M.O.: Egypt, Gallipoli, Palestine, and Italy*. 9x5½. 283 pp., il., maps. Fisher Unwin, 12/6 n.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

- Advertisers' A.B.C. *Standard Advertisement Directory, 1921*. 10½x6½. 558 pp. T. B. Browne, 165, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.
Anglo-American Year-Book, 1921. 7½x4½. 560 pp. 4, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2, 15/- n.
Annual Register, 1920. 9x5½. 504 pp. Longmans, 30/- n.
Master Printers' Annual and Typographical Year-Book, 1921. Ed. by R. A. Austen-Leigh and Gerard T. Meynell. 8½x5½. 448 pp. Spottiswoode & Ballantyne, 12/6 n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Galworthy (John). *The Man of Property* (Uniform Edition). 7x4½. 378 pp. Heinemann, 5/- n.
Hart (Horace). *Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford: English Spellings revised by Sir J. A. H. Murray and Henry Bradley*. 5½x3½. 120 pp. Milford, 2/- n.
Hemley (William Ernest). *Views and Reviews: Essays in Appreciation*. 7½x5½. 385 pp. Macmillan, 12/- n.
Imaginations and Reveries. By A. E. 2nd Ed. 7½x5½. 324 pp. Maunsell & Roberts, 10/- n.
Jenkins (Elinor). *Poems*, to which are now added "Last Poems." 7½x5½. 78 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, 5/- n.
Lucas (E. V.). *The Life of Charles Lamb*. 7x4½. 2 Vols. 968 pp. Methuen, 21/- n.
Osler (Sir William). *Counsels and Ideals*. 2nd Ed. Ed. by C. N. B. Canac. 7½x5½. 380 pp. Milford, 6/6 n.
Poole (Reginald Lane). *Illustrations of the History of Medieval Thought and Learning*. 8½x5½. 340 pp. S. P. C. K., 17/6 n.
Rostand (Edmond). *La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan*. 8x5½. 141 pp. Paris, Fasquelle, 6fr. 75.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
SOUTHAMPTON.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

A LECTURER will be required in this Department to commence duties on October 4th, 1921.

Salary £300 per annum.

Applications to be sent by June 1st to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EGYPTIAN MINISTRY OF EDUCATION.

A PPLICATIONS are invited for vacant posts for ASSISTANT MASTERS to teach English in Egyptian Government Secondary Schools.

Applicants must possess a University Degree with Honours, and should have some experience as teachers. A Diploma in Teaching would be a recommendation.

The initial salary is L.Eg.432 (about £443) a year, on contract for two years, with temporary war gratuity of L.Eg.104 a month. An allowance is given for journey to Egypt.

Further particulars may be obtained, preferably by letter, from G. Elliot, Esq., Egyptian Education Office, 23, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, to whom application should be made not later than June 18th, 1921.

PENISTONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

APPOINTMENT OF HEAD MASTER.

THE GOVERNORS invite applications for the above appointment, duties to commence in September next.

Applicants must be Graduates with Secondary School teaching experience. Salary £660-£225-£800, with house, free of rent, rates and taxes. Allowance will be made for previous experience as Head Master, but the commencing salary will be subject to the operation of a carry-over according to the regulations proposed by the West Riding Education Committee, particulars of which may be obtained from the undersigned.

Applications, on Special Forms provided for the purpose, should reach me not later than 31st May next.

C. HODGKINSON,
Clerk to the Governors.

Penistone,
Nr. Sheffield.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

STEVENSON CITIZENSHIP FUND TRUST.

THE UNIVERSITY COURT will proceed in the month of July, 1921, to the appointment, on the nomination of the selection Board of the above-mentioned Trust, of a LECTURER IN CITIZENSHIP.

The purposes of the Trust are: "To make provision in Glasgow for instruction in the rights, duties, and obligations of citizens, in relation to the city, the state, and the commonwealth of nations; to promote study, inquiry, and research in subjects bearing on local government, national polity, and international comity; and thereby to emphasise the compatibility of civic or local with national patriotism, and of both with full and free international co-operation."

The Lecturer is required to give in the University, during the academic year 1921-1922, a course of not fewer than ten public lectures on some important branch of the subject, at intervals of about a week. Each lecture is to be repeated in the same week at a suitable central hall in the city, at an hour convenient for school teachers and business men. The Lecturer is further required to publish, within twelve months of the completion of his course, a book containing the substance of his lectures. The stipend is about £1,000 for the year.

Further particulars may be obtained on applying by letter to THE SECRETARY OF THE UNIVERSITY COURT, UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

DONALD MACALISTER,
Principal and Vice-Chancellor.

20th May, 1921.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND
MONMOUTHSHIRE.

COLEG PRIFATHROFAOL DEHEUDIR CYMRU A MYNWY.

THE COUNCIL OF THE COLLEGE invites applications for the Post of TEMPORARY PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY (for 12 months from October 1st, 1921). Salary £760 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom 10 copies of applications and testimonials (which need not be printed) must be received on or before Tuesday, June 14th, 1921.

D. J. A. BROWN,

Registrar.

University College, Cardiff,
May 23rd, 1921.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.
ELEMENTARY TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

A PPLICATIONS are invited for the post of SENIOR NORMAL MISTRESS. Candidates must possess a University Degree or equivalent qualification and have had experience in the training of teachers for Elementary Schools. Duties to commence September 1st, 1921. Commencing salary £450 per annum. Further particulars and application forms, which must be returned not later than June 11th, may be obtained on application to the Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, KING'S COLLEGE.

THE Delegacy will shortly proceed to the appointment of:-

a. A Lecturer in English Literature, salary £300 per annum.
b. A Lecturer in French Language and Literature, salary £300 per annum.

Applications, accompanied by copies of three testimonials, should be received not later than June 16th, by the Secretary, King's College, Strand, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT AND WANTED.

SOUTHLANDS TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN,
BATTERSEA.

M ATRON WANTED for 1st September next. Salary up to £150 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, plus board, &c. For particulars and form of application send stamped foolscap addressed envelope to the Secretary, 130, Horseferry-road, Westminster, S.W.1.

CORNWALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

PENANCE COUNTY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

TEMPORARY POST.

W ANTED, for the Autumn Term, a JUNIOR FORM MISTRESS, able to take singing throughout the School and some Scripture.

Salary will be paid at the rate of from £187 to £320, according to previous experience and qualifications.

Forms of Application may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, from the Head Mistress, County School for Girls, Penance, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

Education Department,

County Hall,

Truro,

24th May, 1921.

CORNWALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

HELSTON COUNTY SCHOOL.

W ANTED, in September, an ASSISTANT MASTER to teach Mathematics, Chemistry, and Physics; take part in Games.

Initial salary—£231-£440, according to previous experience and qualifications.

Forms of Application may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, from the Head Master, County School, Helston, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

Education Department,

County Hall,

Truro,

24th May, 1921.

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INSURANCE RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

ON the whole the big composite insurance companies have reason to be satisfied with the results of 1920, even if they cannot attain to any great degree of enthusiasm with regard to them. Business could certainly be described as active, and premium incomes increased in nearly every department, even upon the record figures so frequently established in 1919. But in most of the departments other than life insurance, losses and expenses increased substantially, and resulted, in general, in rather smaller profits from the larger volume of business. In the domestic affairs of the offices 1920 was not marked by so many really big fusions between first-class companies as the previous year. One old-established life company was purchased by a progressive general company which has also taken over a marine company, thus creating a new composite office of first importance. The majority of the amalgamations of 1920, however, were absorptions of some of the smaller "specialized" offices by companies transacting business of more general nature in the same or in other departments.

LIFE INSURANCE.

In the life insurance world the prospects are perhaps brighter than in any other department. The life companies, though the last few years have had their special difficulties, have emerged with their goodwill unimpaired and with the feeling that the worst has been seen. The war claims and the influenza epidemic are things of the past. Investment depreciation has been dealt with in remorseless manner, and the recovery in security prices since the turn of the year suggests that surpluses may no longer have to go down this seemingly bottomless well. The depreciation of investments and the high level of taxation have necessitated a very cautious attitude with regard to bonuses, and many first-class offices have considered it best to keep well on the safe side, and to pass their bonus distributions altogether, some of them for the second time. The mere fact that a bonus has not been distributed at the last quinquennial or other valuation is, however, no indication as to the future bonus prospects of a particular office. That this is appreciated by the majority of the public is evident from the new business figures; for in spite of the discouraging factors most companies wrote nearly twice as much business in 1919 as in their best pre-war years, and went on to excel their 1919 records in 1920. High new business figures in 1919 were to be expected; for during the war practically all young men were uninsurable, but by 1920 it is reasonable to assume that the effect of the making up of arrears from the war period would have spent itself, and that practically the same proportion of the income of the individual is devoted to life insurance as in pre-war days.

FIRE HAZARDS AND LOSSES.

Fire insurance in 1920, as indicated by the annual reports of some of the leading companies, was by no means unremunerative, but since notable conflagrations were conspicuously absent, it is rather disappointing to find that only a comparatively small proportion of the bigger premium incomes was retained by the companies after meeting losses and expenses, both of which prove to have increased at a greater rate than premiums. British companies transact a very large amount of business in the United States, and this was profitable in the first part of the year, but as is usual when trade depression supervenes, fire losses showed a distinct tendency to increase in the latter part of the year. Higher loss ratios are also due in part to the fact that policy holders have neglected to raise their insurance to the full amount of the increase in values, and, as fire policies are not subject to average, the proportion of claims for the maximum sum insured has increased, and yet policy holders have had to bear part of the loss themselves in addition. They have, in fact, been under-insured, and the results have not been satisfactory either to themselves or to the companies.

MARINE INSURANCE.

During the war Marine insurance business flourished; for, if risks were high, so were premiums. After the war the return to normal was a gradual process, and the increase in the available mercantile tonnage and the great activity of trade compensated for the shrinkage of premiums, and in 1920 most underwriters reported increased business over 1919. The losses side of the account, however, so far as it is possible to see at the present time, does not seem likely to come out so favorably. Delay in repairs and the high cost of them have been formidable difficulties, and the fall in the values of tonnage makes the outlook rather gloomy, especially for the younger concerns, who have not had time to build up big financial resources—that is, after allowing for the accumulation of claims of the war and post-war periods still remaining to be cleared up.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

Employers' liability business was a gold mine during the war, for premiums were based upon wages bills and claims fixed by statutory allowances. The basis was revised after a time, but the business still remained very profitable indeed, and proposals were nearly carried through to put the whole thing in the hands of the State. The post-war period has meant a return to the normal in some respects, and with the trade depression and stoppages due to the coal stoppage, the volume of business may show a falling off in the current year. This department of insurance, however, has established a much higher level of profit than that of pre-war days, and seems to have become stabilized as the result of experience—a striking contrast to the earlier days of cut-throat competition.

BURGLARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INSURANCE.

Burglary insurance has been affected in the last few years by the rise in values in very much the same way as fire business, for, though burglary policies require that the property shall be insured up to its full value, thus subjecting claims to the principle of average in the event of under-insurance, it often proves to be a matter of difficulty to enforce the clause in practice, especially when values themselves are so unstable as to make it impossible to determine them after loss has occurred, unless replacement values have been agreed upon and inventoried beforehand for each individual article—a plan which would be out of the question for the ordinary small household policy. During the war burglary and larceny claims fell to a low level, for many individuals who had led lives of crime through choice or habit, were absorbed into the Forces, while, with high wages in munition factories and elsewhere, the incentive to theft among the civil population was reduced. After the war these conditions were reversed. The restoration of the habitual criminal to civil life, and later on the depression in trade, had its natural sequel in more numerous burglary claims. Among other miscellaneous branches of insurance some interest has been aroused in the prosaic subject of plate-glass, through the defacing activities of "some person or persons unknown." No ordinary policies cover riot, civil commotion, or "usurped power"; but in the case of the Liverpool fires, attributed to Sinn Fein, the companies paid up as an act of grace pending a decision as to the liability or otherwise of the municipal authorities. Plate-glass policies, however, cover breakage only, not scratching, and the companies are now trying to devise a workable kind of policy to meet the situation. Motor-car insurance is a class of business which seems to deserve separate accounts nowadays, for it has expanded out of all knowledge since the war, owing to the popularizing of the motor-car and the increasing use of motor transport by traders. Like most classes of insurance at the corresponding stage of their development, the insured has been getting the balance of advantage, for owing to the high cost of repairs premiums have proved inadequate.

